

PRO FOOTBALL STARS

NUMBER 2 • 35 CENTS

a Whitestone Publication

Inside Stories on

Paul Hornung, Big Daddy Lipscomb, Sam Huff, Bob Waterfield

I'LL NEVER GET PUNCHY By JIMMY BROWN

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PRO FOOTBALL STARS

1960 EDITION

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AL SILVERMAN—*Editor* AL JETTER—*Art Editor*

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The '60 Pro Schedule

FRIDAY, SEPT. 23 (NIGHT)
St. Louis at Los Angeles

SATURDAY, SEPT. 24 (NIGHT)
Pittsburgh at Dallas

SUNDAY, SEPT. 25
Chicago at Green Bay
Cleveland at Philadelphia
New York at San Francisco
Washington at Baltimore
DETROIT—BYE

FRIDAY, SEPT. 30 (NIGHT)
Philadelphia at Dallas

SUNDAY, OCT. 2
Chicago at Baltimore
Detroit at Green Bay
Los Angeles at San Francisco
New York at St. Louis
Pittsburgh at Cleveland
WASHINGTON—BYE

SUNDAY, OCT. 9
Baltimore at Green Bay
Dallas at Washington
Los Angeles at Chicago
New York at Pittsburgh
St. Louis at Philadelphia
San Francisco at Detroit
CLEVELAND—BYE

SUNDAY, OCT. 16
Cleveland at Dallas
Detroit at Philadelphia
Los Angeles at Baltimore
St. Louis at Pittsburgh
San Francisco at Chicago
Washington at New York
GREEN BAY—BYE

SUNDAY, OCT. 23
Baltimore at Detroit
Chicago at Los Angeles
Dallas at St. Louis
Philadelphia at Cleveland
Pittsburgh at Washington
San Francisco vs Green Bay at Milwaukee
NEW YORK—BYE

SUNDAY, OCT. 30
Baltimore at Dallas
Chicago at San Francisco
Cleveland at Washington
Detroit at Los Angeles
Green Bay at Pittsburgh
St. Louis at New York
PHILADELPHIA—BYE

SUNDAY, NOV. 6
Detroit at San Francisco
Green Bay at Baltimore
Los Angeles at Dallas
New York at Cleveland

Pittsburgh at Philadelphia
Washington at St. Louis
CHICAGO—BYE

SUNDAY, NOV. 13
Baltimore at Chicago
Dallas at Green Bay
Los Angeles at Detroit
Pittsburgh at New York
St. Louis at Cleveland
Washington at Philadelphia
SAN FRANCISCO—BYE

SUNDAY, NOV. 20
Cleveland at Pittsburgh
Detroit at Chicago
Los Angeles vs. Green Bay at Milwaukee
Philadelphia at New York
St. Louis at Washington
San Francisco at Dallas
BALTIMORE—BYE

THURS., NOV. 24 (THANKSGIVING DAY)
Green Bay at Detroit

SUNDAY, NOV. 27
Cleveland at St. Louis
Dallas at Chicago
New York at Philadelphia
San Francisco at Baltimore
Washington at Pittsburgh
LOS ANGELES—BYE

SUNDAY, DEC. 4
Dallas at New York
Detroit at Baltimore
Green Bay at Chicago
Philadelphia at St. Louis
San Francisco at Los Angeles
Washington at Cleveland
PITTSBURGH—BYE

SATURDAY, DEC. 10
Green Bay at San Francisco

SUNDAY, DEC. 11
Baltimore at Los Angeles
Chicago at Cleveland
Dallas at Detroit
New York at Washington
Philadelphia at Pittsburgh
ST. LOUIS—BYE

SATURDAY, DEC. 17
Green Bay at Los Angeles

SUNDAY, DEC. 18
Baltimore at San Francisco
Chicago at Detroit
Cleveland at New York
Philadelphia at Washington
Pittsburgh at St. Louis
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| | TOTAL POINTS |
|---------------------------------|--------------|
| Paul Hornung, Green Bay | 94 |
| Pat Summerall, New York | 90 |
| Raymond Berry, Baltimore | 84 |
| Jimmy Brown, Cleveland | 84 |
| Bobby Joe Conrad, Chicago Cards | 84 |

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| | PCT. COM. | YDS. GAINED | AVE. GAIN YDS. |
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| Johnny Unitas, Baltimore | 52.6 | 2899 | 7.90 |
| Earl Morrall, Detroit | 47.4 | 1102 | 8.04 |

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| | YDS. GAINED | TDS. |
|----------------------------|-------------|------|
| Jimmy Brown, Cleveland | 1329 | 14 |
| J. D. Smith, San Francisco | 1036 | 10 |
| Ollie Matson, Los Angeles | 863 | 6 |

PASS RECEIVING

| | YDS. GAINED | NO. REC. | TDS. |
|------------------------------|-------------|----------|------|
| Raymond Berry, Baltimore | 959 | 66 | 14 |
| Del Shofner, Los Angeles | 936 | 47 | 7 |
| Lenny Moore, Baltimore | 846 | 47 | 6 |
| Tommy McDonald, Philadelphia | 846 | 47 | 10 |

INTERCEPTIONS

| | NO. |
|-------------------------|-----|
| Dean Derby, Pittsburgh | 7 |
| Milt Davis, Baltimore | 7 |
| Don Shinnick, Baltimore | 7 |

PUNTING

| | AVE. DISTANCE |
|--------------------------|---------------|
| Yale Lary, Detroit | 47.1 |
| Don Chandler, New York | 46.6 |
| Tom Davis, San Francisco | 45.7 |

PUNT RETURNS

| | AVE. |
|------------------------------|------|
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| Lew Carpenter, Green Bay | 11.5 |
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I'd like to give this to my fellow men... while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my

summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish*! And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned*! I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life, is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept

something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turn-

ing out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest \$15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

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1960 AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE SCHEDULE

BOSTON PATRIOTS

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| *September 9 or September 10 | Denver at Boston |
| *September 16 | Boston at New York |
| *September 23 | Buffalo at Boston |
| October 2 | Open |
| *October 8 | Boston at Los Angeles |
| October 16 | Boston at Oakland |
| October 23 | Boston at Denver |
| *October 28 | Los Angeles at Boston |
| *November 4 | Oakland at Boston |
| *November 11 | New York at Boston |
| *November 18 | Dallas at Boston |
| *November 25 | Houston at Boston |
| December 4 | Boston at Buffalo |
| December 11 | Boston at Dallas |
| December 18 | Boston at Houston |

*Denotes Night Game

BUFFALO BILLS

| | |
|---------------|------------------------|
| September 11 | Buffalo at New York |
| September 18 | Denver at Buffalo |
| *September 23 | Buffalo at Boston |
| October 2 | Los Angeles at Buffalo |
| October 9 | Open |
| October 16 | New York at Buffalo |
| October 23 | Oakland at Buffalo |
| October 30 | Houston at Buffalo |
| November 6 | Dallas at Buffalo |
| November 13 | Buffalo at Oakland |
| November 20 | Buffalo at Los Angeles |
| November 27 | Buffalo at Denver |
| December 4 | Boston at Buffalo |
| December 11 | Buffalo at Houston |
| December 18 | Buffalo at Dallas |

*Denotes Night Game

DALLAS TEXANS

| | |
|---------------|-----------------------|
| *September 10 | Dallas at Los Angeles |
| *September 16 | Dallas at Oakland |
| September 25 | Los Angeles at Dallas |
| October 2 | New York at Dallas |
| October 9 | Oakland at Dallas |
| October 16 | Dallas at Houston |
| October 23 | Open |
| October 30 | Dallas at Denver |
| November 6 | Dallas at Buffalo |
| November 13 | Denver at Dallas |
| *November 18 | Dallas at Boston |
| November 24 | Dallas at New York |
| December 4 | Houston at Dallas |
| December 11 | Boston at Dallas |
| December 18 | Buffalo at Dallas |

*Denotes Night Game

DENVER BRONCOS

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| *September 9 or September 10 | Denver at Boston |
| September 18 | Denver at Buffalo |
| *September 23 | Denver at New York |
| October 2 | Oakland at Denver |
| October 9 | Open |
| October 16 | Los Angeles at Denver |
| October 23 | Boston at Denver |
| October 30 | Dallas at Denver |
| November 6 | Houston at Denver |
| November 13 | Denver at Dallas |
| November 20 | Denver at Houston |
| November 27 | Buffalo at Denver |
| December 4 | New York at Denver |
| December 10 or December 11 | Denver at Los Angeles |
| December 17 | Denver at Oakland |

*Denotes Night Game

HOUSTON OILERS

| | |
|--------------|------------------------|
| September 11 | Houston at Oakland |
| September 18 | Los Angeles at Houston |
| September 25 | Oakland at Houston |
| October 2 | Open |
| October 9 | New York at Houston |
| October 16 | Dallas at Houston |
| October 23 | Houston at New York |
| October 30 | Houston at Buffalo |
| November 6 | Houston at Denver |
| November 13 | Houston at Los Angeles |
| November 20 | Denver at Houston |
| *November 25 | Houston at Boston |
| December 4 | Houston at Dallas |
| December 11 | Buffalo at Houston |
| December 18 | Boston at Houston |

*Denotes Night Game

LOS ANGELES CHARGERS

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| *September 10 | Dallas at Los Angeles |
| September 18 | Los Angeles at Houston |
| September 25 | Los Angeles at Dallas |
| October 2 | Los Angeles at Buffalo |
| *October 8 | Boston at Los Angeles |
| October 16 | Los Angeles at Denver |
| October 23 | Open |
| *October 28 | Los Angeles at Boston |
| *November 4 | Los Angeles at New York |
| November 13 | Houston at Los Angeles |
| November 20 | Buffalo at Los Angeles |
| November 27 | Oakland at Los Angeles |
| December 4 | Los Angeles at Oakland |
| December 10 or December 11 | Denver at Los Angeles |
| December 17 or December 18 | New York at Los Angeles |

*Denotes Night Game

NEW YORK TITANS

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| September 11 | Buffalo at New York |
| *September 16 | Boston at New York |
| *September 23 | Denver at New York |
| October 2 | New York at Dallas |
| October 9 | New York at Houston |
| October 16 | New York at Buffalo |
| October 23 | Houston at New York |
| *October 28 | Oakland at New York |
| *November 4 | Los Angeles at New York |
| *November 11 | New York at Boston |
| November 20 | Open |
| November 24 | Dallas at New York |
| December 4 | New York at Denver |
| December 11 | New York at Oakland |
| December 17 or December 18 | New York at Los Angeles |

*Denotes Night Game

OAKLAND RAIDERS

| | |
|---------------|------------------------|
| September 11 | Houston at Oakland |
| *September 16 | Dallas at Oakland |
| September 25 | Oakland at Houston |
| October 2 | Oakland at Denver |
| October 9 | Oakland at Dallas |
| October 16 | Boston at Oakland |
| October 23 | Oakland at Buffalo |
| *October 28 | Oakland at New York |
| *November 4 | Oakland at Boston |
| November 13 | Buffalo at Oakland |
| November 20 | Open |
| November 27 | Oakland at Los Angeles |
| December 4 | Los Angeles at Oakland |
| December 11 | New York at Oakland |
| December 17 | Denver at Oakland |

*Denotes Night Game

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I'LL NEVER GET PUNCHY

By JIMMY BROWN

as told to Chuck Heaton

Is the best running back in football carrying the ball too often? Will he end up, like some boxers, loose in the head? Here is the Cleveland star's own answers to those whispers about his future

I'VE carried the football 749 times in three years with the Browns. It went from 202 attempts in 1957 to 247 in 1958 and 290 last season. That adds up to over two miles of rushing, more I'm told than any back in history. And most of it inside running, where the big ones wait for you.

So I suppose it's only natural that people should ask me if I'm overworked. I get the same question everywhere I go—will so much ball-carrying and the tackling that results shorten my career? Will I end up my career groggy or, even worse, punchy as a punch-drunk prizefighter?

Then the other question follows naturally—how long do I plan to play this rugged game of professional football.

To the last question I can only say that I hope I'm smart enough to quit the game before somebody has to tell me I'm finished. I want to leave feeling I can still do the job.

That's the way the great quarterback Otto Graham finished with the Browns. He most likely had several good seasons left. Maybe he could even be playing today. But Otto quit while he was on top. I hope I have the good sense to follow that example.

But don't get me wrong. Right now I don't see the end in sight. I celebrated my 24th birthday only last February. I ought to have some good football years left. Maybe as many as four or five. And that's counting the fact that I do carry the football more often than the other backs in pro football.

I'd like to set things straight about this being overworked. I'm paid to play football. Whether it's carrying the ball or blocking it's all the same to me.

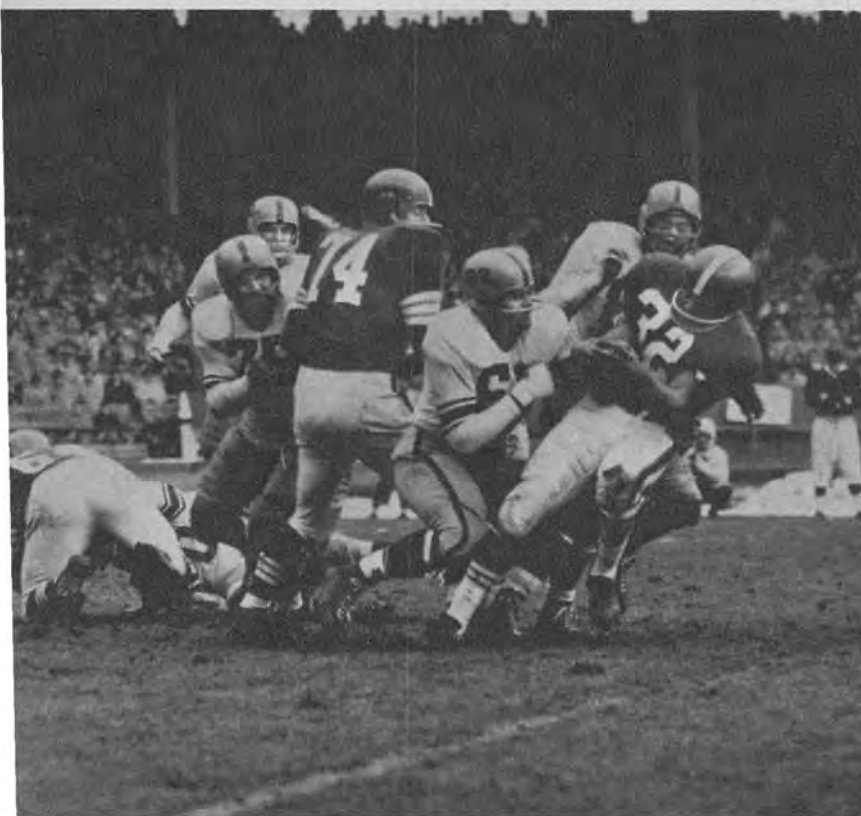
Sure I piled up a lot of yardage last year (1329 yards, more than any other rushing back) and I did plenty of ball carrying the last three seasons. Yet I come out of most of those games fresher than many of the other players. The number of times your signal is called doesn't necessarily have much to do with your physical condition. A player can get hurt just as easily and as seriously while trying to make a block or merely faking into the line.

I've been lucky as far as injuries go. I can't remember anything but some bumps and bruises in high school and at Syracuse. But last season I was knocked groggy in a game against the Giants at Yankee Stadium in New York. And that was when a lot of people thought I might be



The muscular Brown denies Coach Paul Brown acted "brutal" last fall in leaving Brown in against Giants when the fullback was out on his feet.

In three years as a pro, Jimmy has carried ball 749 times, rushed over two miles. Yet he claims he's fresher at end of game than most players.



taking just too much punishment.

I really don't remember on which play I was injured. I have a hunch it was an early one when I fumbled the ball, but I'm not sure. I've reviewed the movies of the game again and again to try and decide when I was hurt and what happened. I still haven't been able to pick out the play.

Milt Plum, our quarterback, noticed it first. He talked to me and then went over to the bench and told Coach Paul Brown. So I was taken out. But even before the half I had snapped back. I felt all right and could think clearly. The doctor examined me and said I was okay. I told the coach I was ready. He wouldn't have sent me back in without that green light from the doctor or if I had protested at all.

But after the game I read the newspapers and maybe the writers had been watching a different game. Paul Brown was called "brutal" for sending me back the second half. I can't agree with these critics. It's true I was groggy. I did have trouble remembering the plays; I could hear the numbers but couldn't make the association. But as I say, I snapped out of it fast.

One thing that helps me in that injury department is my running style. I don't go into the line in that traditional fullback manner. You don't find me leading with my head. Most of the time the contact is on my shoulder pads. If I can run around a defensive player you won't see me trying to run over him.

You have to keep your head up and your eyes open carrying the football. When I first started playing the game I ran with my head low and my eyes closed. As a result I fell forward when I was tripped up. When your eyes are closed you can't adjust if there is no hole.

I tuck the ball against my body with my left hand and hold my fingers over the nose. Ball position is very important. The second hand should always be close enough to the ball to cover it. It should come over the ball as you're being hit.

Normally I start with small steps so I'll be able to turn or slide toward the opening. Once I hit it I stretch out the stride to be able to step out of arms. When a tackler comes at me I drop the shoulder. The runner's shoulder should be the first thing to hit the tackler.

It's only a guess but I think a lineman probably is hit more blows during a game—and harder ones—than a back. It's difficult to say what position takes the worst beating. It depends on the opposition's defense and personnel. It is true that the ball carrier can receive several blows on one play, particularly if the opposition is gang tackling. But a lineman gets as much as he gives.

About the middle of last season there was a story around that I had a pulled leg muscle. It wasn't true and I don't know what started the rumor. I have a hunch, though. It may have come from the fact that I tried using liniment on my legs before [Continued on page 70]

A JOHNNY UNITAS ALBUM

A black and white photograph of Johnny Unitas, a professional football player, running with the ball. He is wearing a dark jersey with the number 19 and light-colored pants. He is in the center of the frame, running towards the left. In the background, there is a large crowd of spectators in the stands. To the right, a marching band is visible, with a large drum that has "BALTIMORE COLT" written on it. The overall scene is a dynamic action shot from a football game.

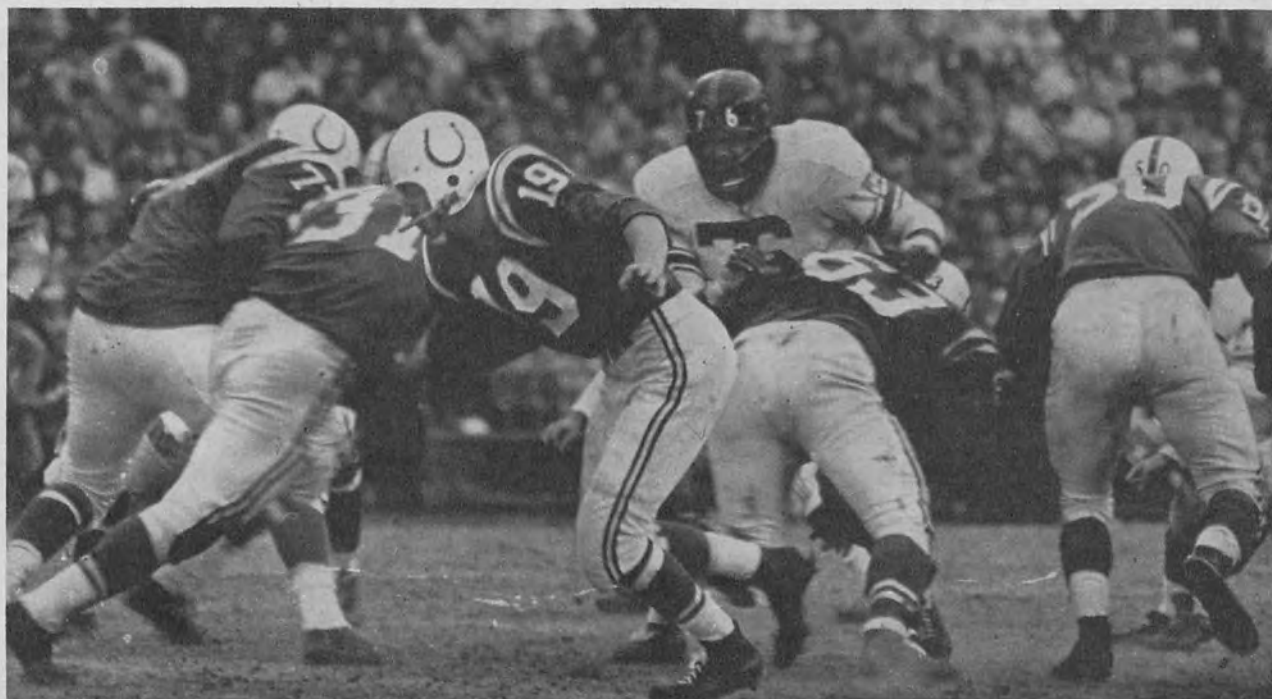
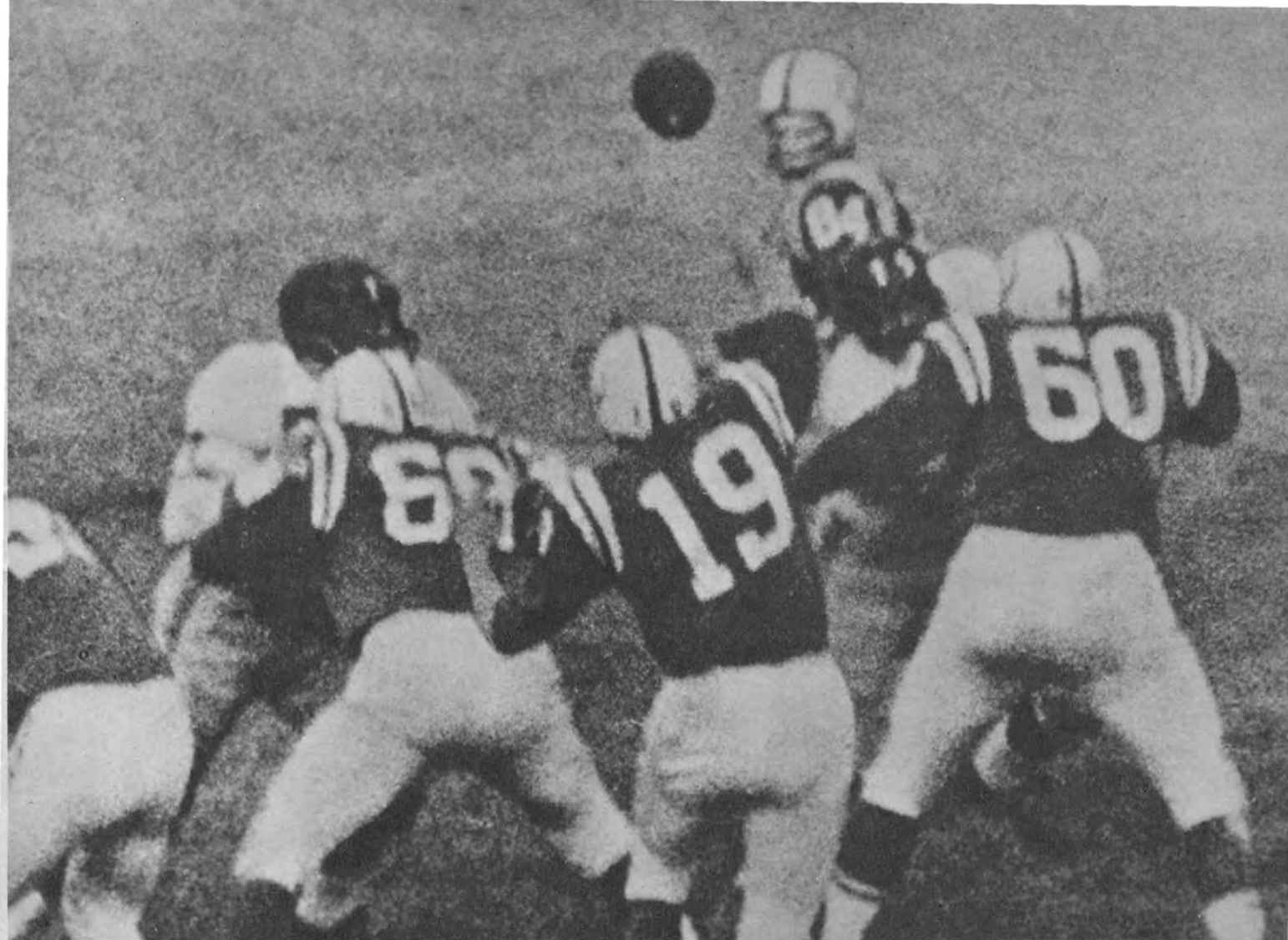
The man with the golden arm in pro football today does everything out there, "and steals your eyeballs, too," says his opponents. Here is an intimate photographic look at a sure gridiron immortal



Unitas receives masterful support from Colts offensive linemen, but he still has to be quick enough to avoid charging enemy, then quickly spot pass receiver (here, Jim Mutscheller). John does it all in three seconds, and he does it best.



When Johnny can't find an open man, he'll either eat the ball or run. When he takes off, he usually picks up yardage.



Unitas is an expert ball-handler and faker. "He's got the guts of a burglar," says Pittsburgh Steeler coach Buddy Parker.





Thanks to John, Colts like Steve Myhra, Alan Ameche, Carl Taseff (right) have raked in title money two years in a row.

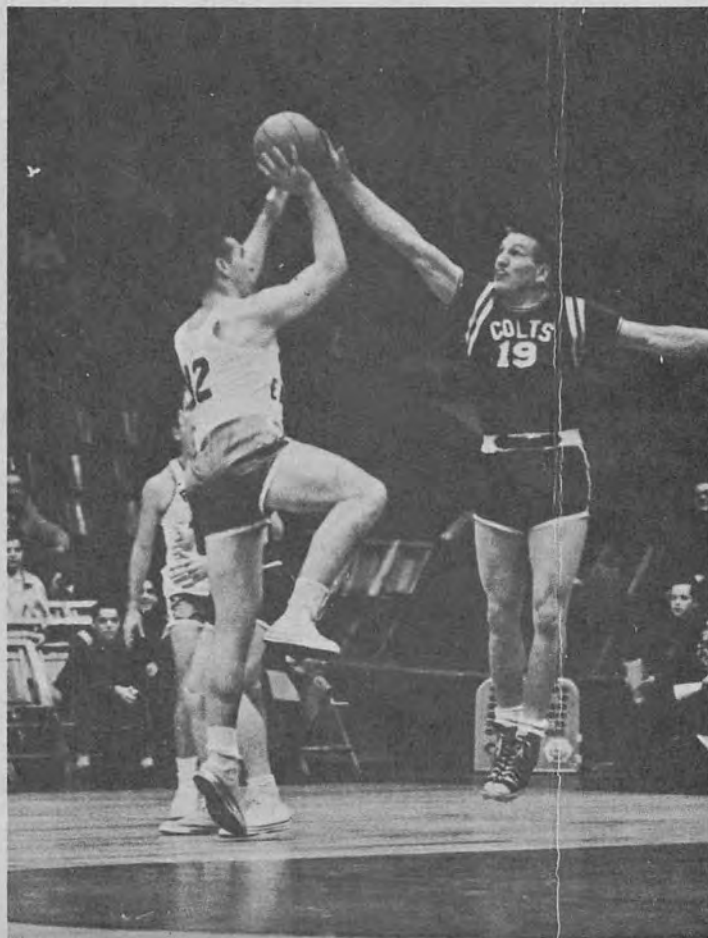


Johnny and family: Wife Dorothy holding the baby, Christopher; Janice, John and Robert in his doting father's lap.

Key play in '58 championship game: Unitas breaks loose, motions end Ray Berry down to take pass for vital first down.



In the last two years everyone seems to have given John a trophy. Colt coach Weeb Ewbank (left), owner Carroll Rosenbloom couldn't be happier about it.



In his spare time John plays a good game of basketball for pick-up Colt team. Players get lucrative bookings.



The artistry of John Unitas. Never jittery, never unsure, he waits as long as possible, then throws bullet strikes.

THE BATTLE OF THE TEXAS MILLIONAIRES

Two very rich young men are competing for pro football patronage this fall in Dallas, a city that can, at best support one team. Someone has to lose but, after all, it's only money—about \$110 million worth

By HAROLD V. RATLIFF

Once when real live Texans got to feudin', the natural consequence was to settle it with bullets.

That's all changed—they do it with dollars now.

In September two richly endowed young tycoons—name of Hunt and Murchison—will be throwing millions around like snide remarks at a family reunion. Dallas will have two professional football teams, each dedicated to survival. And survive they both will if only cash is at stake.

Lamar Hunt, age 27, has about \$50,000,000 to pour into the Dallas Texans of the newly formed American Football League.

Clint Murchison, Jr., age 36, can scrape together \$60,000,000 for the Dallas Cowboys, the newest team in the entrenched National Football League.

Somebody's got to lose.

It's pretty well established that Dallas at best is a one-team town. While both parties in the Dallas pro football

picture have the moola to operate indefinitely, it is also pretty well established that even a very wealthy man does not want to keep on losing money. It's the principle of the thing. Losing money is too closely associated with failure.

And the spectre of that 1952 football failure in Dallas is causing both Hunt and Murchison some loose moments.

That was the year Dallas had a team in the National Football League. The floundering New York Yanks were obtained for \$200,000—\$100,000 down and the rest in installments. It seemed like a bargain but after a few months of watching the largest crowds in history stay away from the Cotton Bowl and \$300,000 go down the drain, instigators of this misadventure turned the franchise back to the league.

There was a variety of explanations as to why the pro game couldn't go in this bragging city that calls itself "Big



Cotton Bowl is battlefield where Clint Murchison Jr. (left) and Lamar Hunt will duel for Dallas pro football patronage.

D" and claims nothing is too difficult to tackle—except possibly the intricacies of professional football.

A losing team probably was the main reason Dallas threw in the towel. The Texans, a motley crew of misfits, castoffs and a few fair football players, were molded into an outfit of inferiority complexes. They never won a game until they left Dallas for good.

Those who tried to put over the Texans had other versions. One was that it had probably the poorest management since Kingfish Levinsky. Another was that the National Football League never made much effort to help, causing the suspicion that the league really wanted the franchise in Baltimore and placing it in Dallas served as a means of getting it paid out of hock. The \$200,000 was to pick up a lease on Yankee Stadium.

Baltimore came up with the franchise and it became one of the most valuable properties in professional sports.

Baltimore, however, won a few and finally won it all.

Bedford Wynne, a lawyer who became wealthy from real estate and allied sources, said, "We were one of the 2,000 there for the last game. We resolved then to get a professional football team."

He wasn't mixed up in the operation of the old Texans. The reason is simple: he wasn't asked to participate until it was a trifle late.

Wynne is a 36-year-old law school graduate of Southern Methodist University but whose allegiance is to the University of Texas, where he did an expert job of recruiting athletes. It was he and Clint Murchison Jr. (with money he hasn't counted yet from oil, real estate, insurance, etc.) who moved to obtain a franchise in the National Football League.

They got it this year. It cost them \$600,000—\$50,000 for a franchise and \$550,000 for 36 [Continued on page 74]



THE BALLAD OF HUFF THE TOUGH

In all of pro football there is not a lineman like the
New York Giant's Sam Huff. He's the king of the tooth-rattlers

By **DICK KAPLAN**

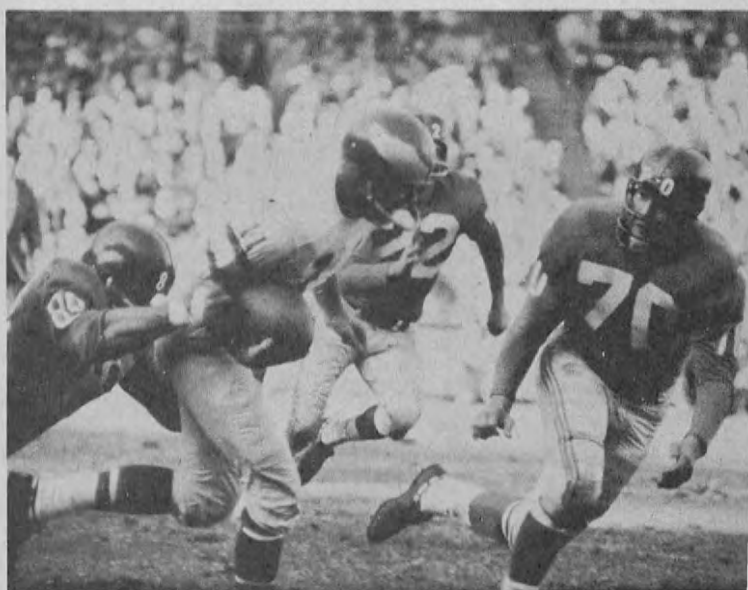
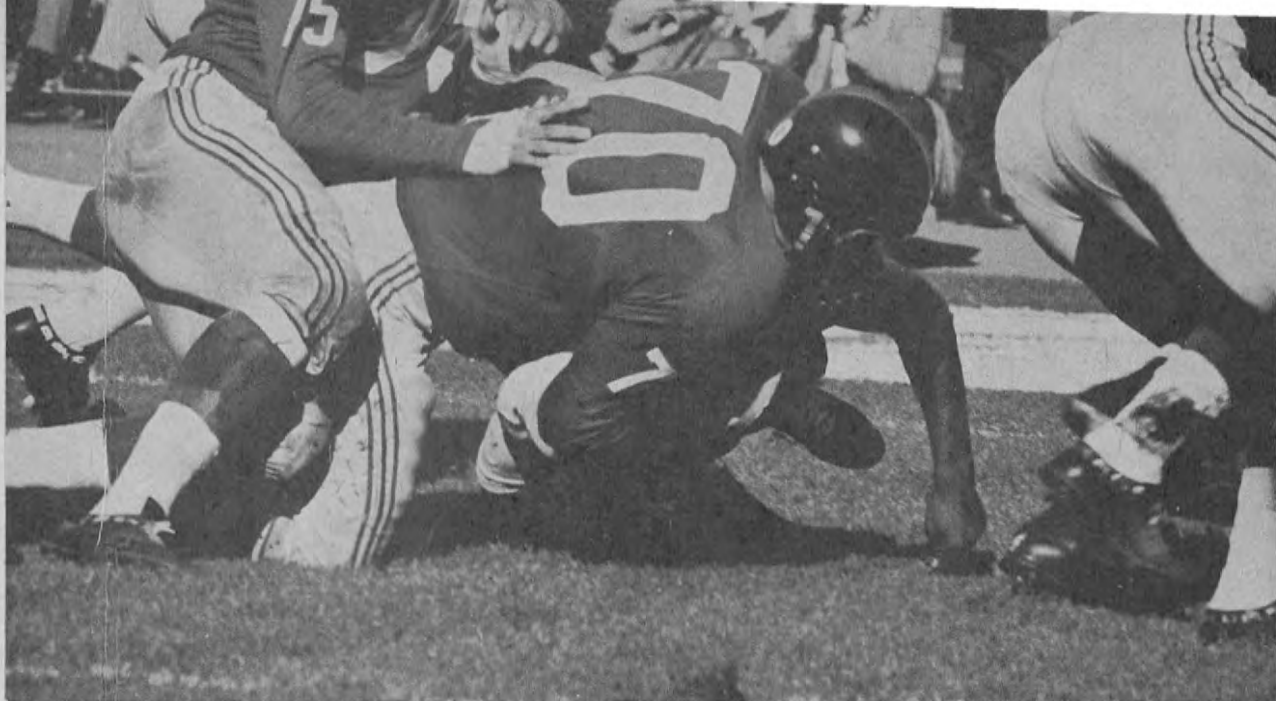
Taking the snap from center, orange-helmeted Cleveland Brown quarterback Milt Plum wheels full-circle, his back to the onrushing blue jerseys of the New York Giant defensive line. Screening the ball with his body, Plum fakes a handoff to Jimmy Brown, stuffing the ball into the stomach of the great fullback, then snatching it back as Jimmy pounds by. Then the real play develops—a pitchout to speedy halfback Bobby Mitchell for a wide sweep around right end.

The maneuver is classic in its simplicity and effectiveness, but a few yards away, Giant middle linebacker Sam Huff is beginning his classic and effective response.

"As middle linebacker I start every play from an erect position," Huff explains, "so I see right away that Jimmy Brown hasn't got the ball. That's fine with me; Brown is tough. Next the Cleveland blockers come at me. I try to make sure they don't catch me flat-footed, or I'm out of the play. Instead I hand-fight them and try to flow out to the right just as fast as I can. I can run with most fullbacks, but a little rascal like Mitchell has me unless I can cut down his angle.

"Generally, our right corner linebacker, Swede Svare, will slow down the play and make Mitchell hesitate or begin to cut back short of the sideline. By that time I'm out there with him. Now I have to make my move. I go after the ball-carrier slightly from the rear, with my head behind him, aiming for the small of his back. This way I avoid getting faked out. If he cuts back, he runs right into me and I get my head-on shot. I love that, but Mitchell doesn't. But most likely he tries to outrun me. Then I just dive forward and drag him down. Sometimes I get just a piece of him, so I hang on and wait for help. [Continued on page 76]

"Sure I play as hard and vicious as I can," says No. 70, who loves aggressive body contact. "If you're going all out and you hit a guy hard, you hurt him instead of him hurting you."



NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE PREVIEW

BY BILL FURLONG

Chicago Daily News

This is the year of decision.

The battleground will be a few football gridirons and millions of television tubes. At stake will be whether pro football in the United States shall consist of one major league or two. Thus the dramatic fervor of the games themselves—one of the more spectacular forms of outdoor entertainment—will be heightened by the long-range meaning behind the games: will the National Football league be forced to make room for the American Football League?

It is a ticklish question for the NFL. Naturally, it would like to keep the pro football market as exclusive as possible; TV offers rich revenue in those cities where the NFL does not personally play. But it is uneasily aware of the impact of government—and the restraints of the anti-trust laws—and on a potent coincidence: that the AFL is primarily a Texas-born, Texas-backed league—and that two of the most important leaders in the U. S. Congress (Senator Lyndon Johnson and Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn) are Texans. Thus the NFL must follow a policy of public accommodation while trying to conquer the new league.

At least the NFL has the experience. It conquered the old post-war All-America Football Conference and it has learned to accommodate to the Canadian league. The AFL may be tougher: it is backed by more money and more potent political interests. But it faces one flaw the All-America Conference did not: in the wake of World War II there was a surplus of skilled players, some returning from the service, another generation just getting out of college. Now there is only the college generation—and the rejects from the NFL.

Already the existence of the AFL has made significant changes in the attitude of the NFL. George Halas, chairman of the league's expansion committee, said in the summer of 1959 that he thought expansion should come slowly—perhaps a team or two by 1962, then maybe two more some years later. Within a few months he was fighting grimly for immediate expansion to 13 teams—to move into Dallas and prevent the entire Texas territory being taken

over by the AFL. (Halas' Chicago Bears had, through TV, helped build pro football interest in Texas and he was loath to abandon that interest to the AFL.) Walter Wolfner, managing director of the Chicago Cardinals, long insisted that he would never move the team from Chicago and continued that insistence right up to the day it was moved to St. Louis. (One reason: with both the Bears and Cardinals in Chicago, the NFL could not get its games on TV in this very important market because one team was always at home. The AFL, on the other hand, could beam all of its games into Chicago—and thus attract a great many fans toward the day when it might want to establish a franchise there. With the Cards shifted to St. Louis, the Bears can now put their six road games on TV in Chicago to combat the AFL's TV lineup.)

The struggle will be fought on the football fields and in the court and in the backrooms. It will reach its head-on explosiveness in the four cities—New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco-Oakland, and Dallas—where teams from both leagues play. It comes at a time when the NFL thought it was reaching its zenith. Attendance was up to a record-breaking 3,314,515. TV was attracting millions of new fans—and paying millions of new dollars. The opportunities seemed unlimited. Now the league has lost many of its best draft picks to the AFL; it is embroiled in a legal argument in which its commissioner—youthful Pete Rozelle—is a central figure; it finds itself forced to move at a pace set by the AFL. But it is fighting from a position of strength. It has proven itself over the years—and the AFL must prove itself in combat in this year of decision.

On the field, the teams will be hurt—but slightly. They may have to adjust their hopes and plans for the future as some of their prospects head for the AFL—but the quality of play should be, to the fan, as good as ever. The way it looks now:

WESTERN DIVISION

1. Baltimore Colts
2. Chicago Bears
3. Los Angeles Rams
4. San Francisco 49ers
5. Green Bay Packers
6. Detroit Lions
7. Dallas Cowboys

EASTERN DIVISION

1. New York Giants
2. Cleveland Browns
3. Philadelphia Eagles
4. Pittsburgh Steelers
5. St. Louis Cardinals
6. Washington Redskins

New York Giants

WHO can argue with success? Including the division playoff in 1958, the Giants have now won 19 league games in the last two years, more than any other team in the league. (Baltimore has won 18—but added two championship-game victories over the Giants.) The backbone remains the same—Charley Conerly at quarterback, Frank Gifford at halfback, Sam Huff (lineman of the year in 1959) at linebacker, Jim Patton at safety, Andy Robustelli in the defensive line and Roosevelt Brown in the offensive line. To augment them, the Giants drafted tackle Lou Cordileone from Clemson, and Jim Leo, a pass-catching end from Cincinnati. Moreover, Joe Morrison, a rookie halfback who developed swiftly last year, will be back with the benefit of a year of experience.

At one spot, the Giants face the risk of advancing age—but then they have the equipment to accept the risk. The spot is quarterback, where 39-year-old Charley Conerly, the "Grey Eagle," still functions. Last year, at the age of 38, Conerly led the NFL in passing by gaining an average of 8.79 yards per completion. Because the Giants have a potent running attack, he did not pass very much (194 passes compared to 367 thrown by Johnny Unitas of Baltimore) but those he threw were usually on target (he completed 58.2 percent of his passes, second high for the league). The tip-off on his poise: only four of his passes (2.1 percent) were intercepted last year, by far the fewest in the league.

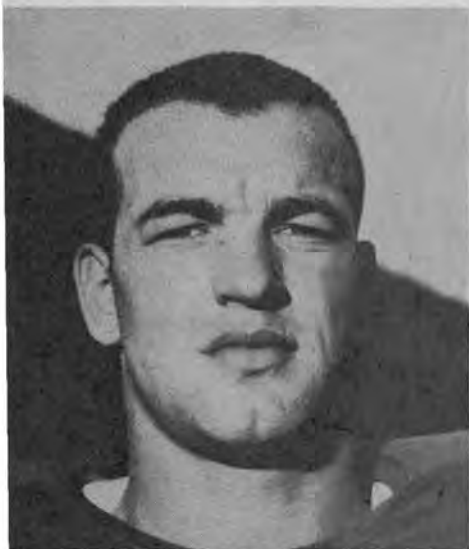
As a team, the Giants rose from ninth place to first place in passing in the NFL. Among the reasons: the reserve passers, George Shaw and Don Heinrich. Heinrich is gone this year, sold to the Dallas Cowboys. But Shaw returns as an unusually able understudy for Conerly, should age catch up with the Giant passer. Last year Shaw completed

66.7 percent of his passes—two out of every three—and averaged 12.03 yards per completion. Behind him, the Giants have Lee Grosscup, the one-time phenomenal passer from Utah who worked out with the Giants all last year, though he was dropped from the roster.

That the Giants scored 18 touchdowns by passing—to only 13 by rushing—was also due to their brigade of fine pass-catchers: Frank Gifford (42 receptions for 768 yards) and Bob Schnelker (37 receptions for 714 yards) as well as Alex Webster and Kyle Rote (who gathered in 52 passes between them for 743 yards). Gifford and Webster combined with Morrison, Mel Triplett, and Phil King to give the Giants a highly diverse rushing offense. Nevertheless, rushing gradually became subordinated to passing in effectiveness; the Giants were eighth in the league in rushing.

In defense as well as in passing offense, the Giants improved last year and should improve still more this year. Huff and Harland Svare gave them a sturdy pair of linebackers. Patton was everybody's choice as a safety man and he had Dick Nolan and Linden Crow with him in the defensive backfield to help spear enemy passes. (Altogether, the Giants picked off 22 enemy aerials to tie with Pittsburgh in number but not in yards returned for the division lead.) Up front, Robustelli, Roosevelt Grier, Jim Katcavage, and Dick Modzelewski offered 20 years of experience and a half-ton of defensive might.

On the whole, this is a team which should not easily be dethroned. Last year it built an amazing three-game edge over the second place teams in only 12 games of play. There is not much sentiment in the hard-nosed game of pro football—but the Giants might want to win this one for Coach Jim Lee Howell, who's already announced he will retire at the end of the 1960 campaign.



Joe Morrison

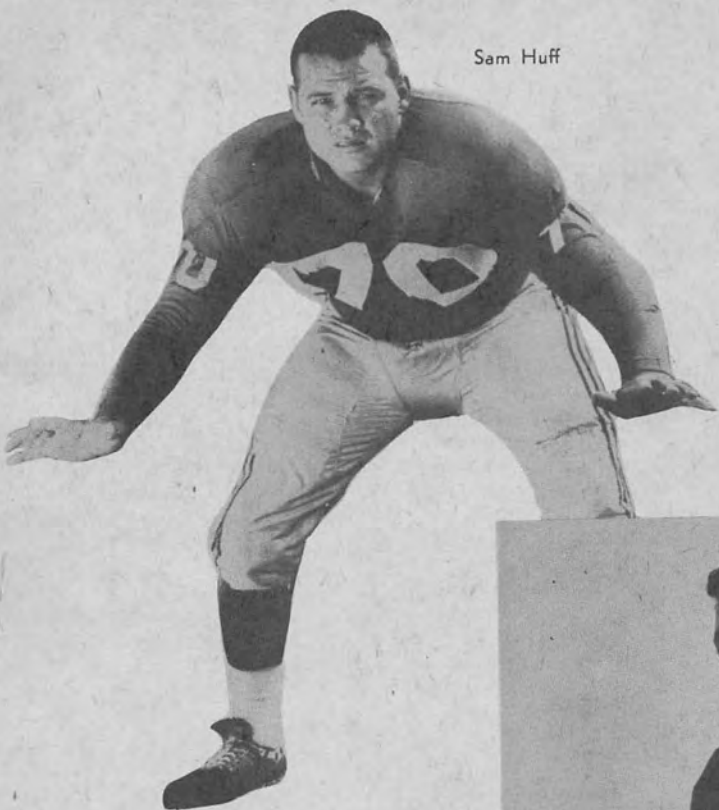


Jim Patton

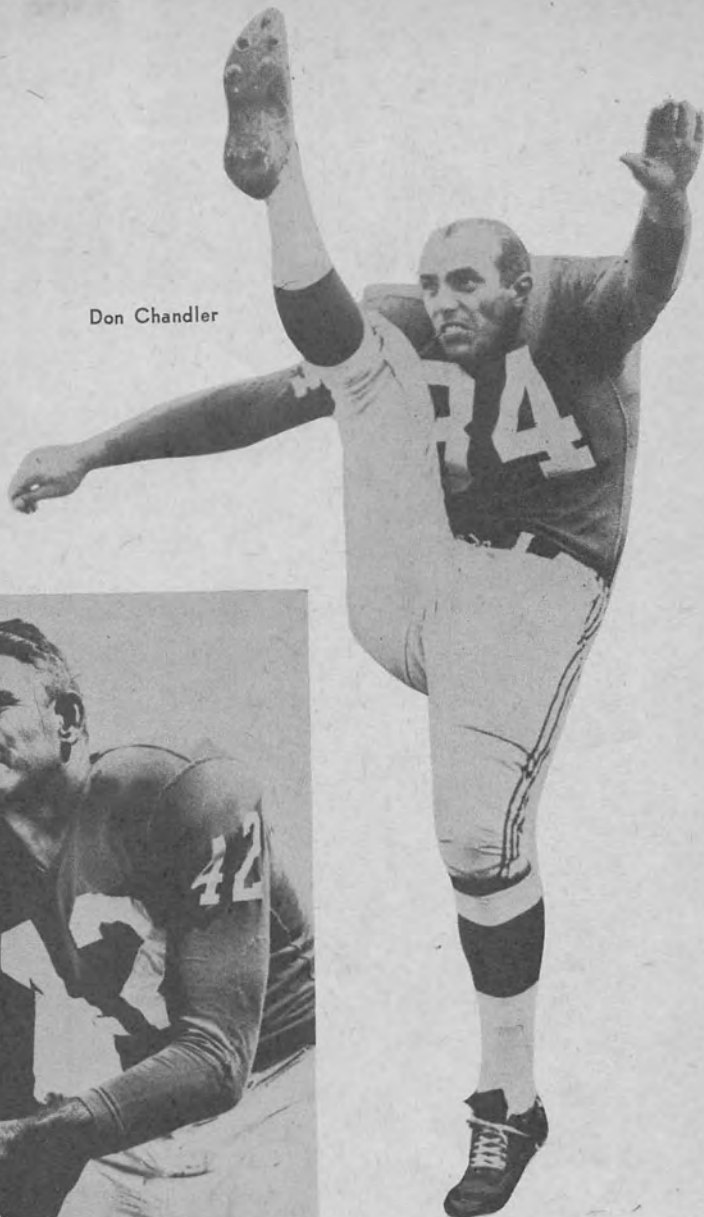


Ray Wietecha

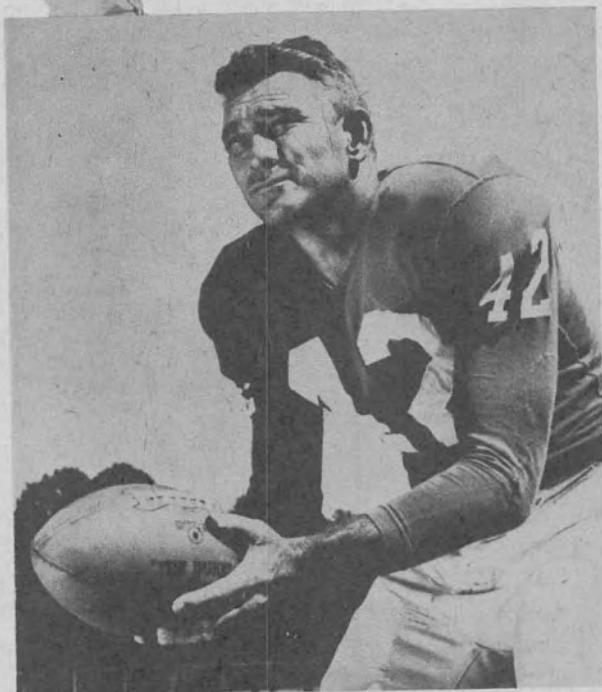
Sam Huff



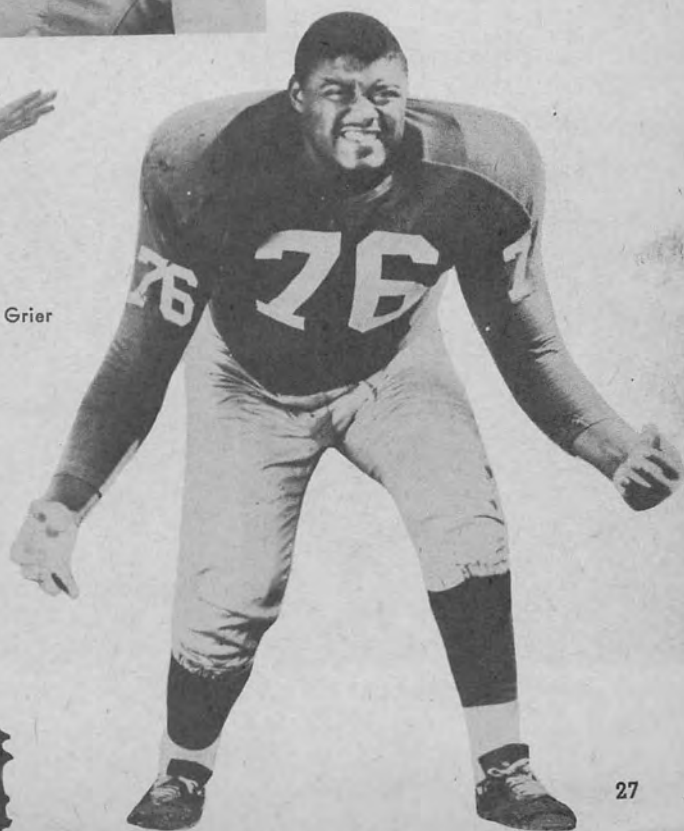
Don Chandler



Charley Conerly



Roosevelt Grier



Frank Gifford

Cleveland Browns

For four years the Cleveland Browns have been trying to solve their quarterback problem. With Otto Graham, the Browns won ten straight division titles in the All-America Conference and the NFL. Since he retired in 1955, the Browns have won only one title. Once the Browns solve the problem, they'll have one of the most potent offensives in football—Mr. Inside in fullback Jim Brown and Mr. Outside in halfback Bob Mitchell. All they need is the quarterback to coalesce the diverse elements in the offensive.

They'll try to solve the problem this year with Len Dawson, the ex-Purdue quarterback who was an understudy for Bobby Layne at Pittsburgh. They acquired Dawson from Pittsburgh in a trade, then figured to back him up with another Purdue quarterback, Ross Fichtner, whom they drafted last December. It was not that Milt Plum, who held the quarterback post for the last few years, was incompetent; it was that he lacked the apparent spark of greatness. He completed 58.6 percent of his passes last season, a high enough percentage to tie him with Billy Wade of the Los Angeles Rams for the league lead. He threw 14 touchdown passes; only Johnny Unitas of Baltimore threw more. He had a great variety of receivers—Mitchell, Billy Howton, Ray Renfro and Preston Carpenter (now Pittsburgh property) all received 24 passes or more. Yet when people thought of the Browns, they no longer thought of the passing—as they did in Otto Graham's day—but the running of fullback Jim Brown.

As a result, the Browns were the most "ground-minded" team in the league. Only 38 percent of their plays from scrimmage were passes; the rest were plunges. No other team threw so few passes percentagewise—but no other team had a Jim Brown. A man with the bone-jarring skill

of a great fullback and the nimbleness of a great halfback, Brown this year has a chance to become the first man in history to lead the NFL in rushing for four consecutive years. In 1959, he gained 1,329 yards, almost 300 yards more than the runnerup, J. D. Smith of San Francisco. In eight different games he personally gained more than 100 yards. For the season, he carried the ball a record-breaking 290 times. (The old record: 271 set by Eddie Price of the New York Giants in 1951.) Altogether, he carried the ball on five of every eight running plays of the Browns.

The rest of the offense was pretty much wrapped up in Bobby Mitchell, who gained a total of 1,094 yards—only 351 by passing and 743 by rushing. A dart-swift halfback who is virtually impossible to catch in an open field, Mitchell scored five touchdowns by rushing, four more by passing. His success—as well as that of Jim Brown's—must be traced largely to the Brown's offensive line, particularly to guard Jim Ray Smith and tackle Mike McCormick.

On defense, the Browns held their own, thanks largely to linebacker Walt Michaels and end Bob Gain.

But there'll be some changes this year. The Browns traded some of their youth to Washington to get place-kicking Sam Baker—which suggests that Lou Groza may be nearing the end of his days. (Coach Paul Brown insisted that this wasn't so.) Baker led Washington in scoring for the last four years because of his place-kicking and once led the league in punting. To get Baker, the Browns gave up Francis O'Brien and Bob Khayat of Mississippi. Just who'll replace them is uncertain—but with Preston Carpenter gone, it seems likely that Jim Houston of Ohio State, the Browns' number one draft last year, will become a slot back. Also coming up is Prentice Gautt, the speedy Oklahoma fullback.



Mike McCormick



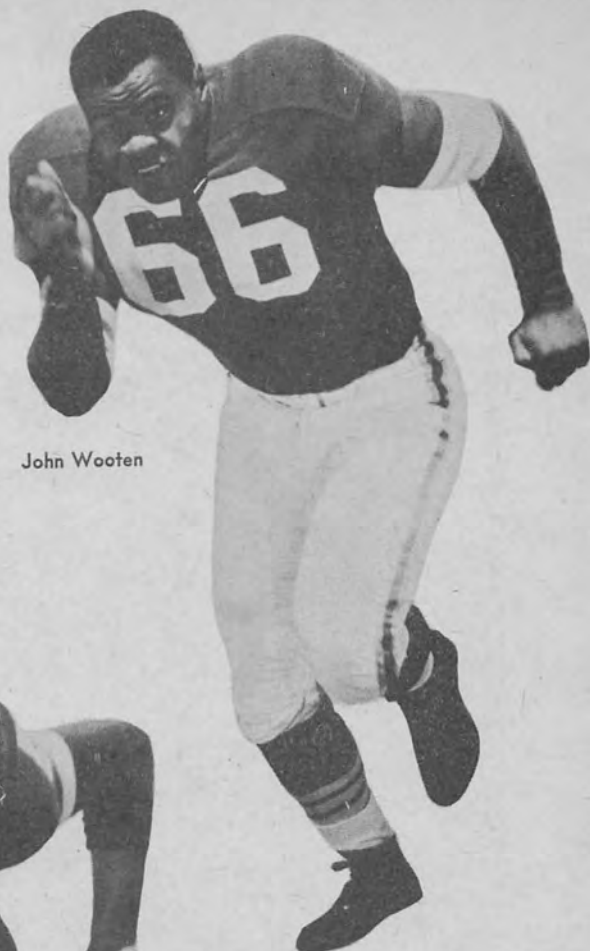
Bob Gain



Willie McClung



Jim Shofner



John Wooten



Paul Wiggin



Rich Kreitling



Bernie Parrish

Philadelphia Eagles

In the wake of a disastrous 1958 season (2-9-1), Coach Buck Shaw of Philadelphia snarled, "There are no more than 14 players on this team capable of carrying on next year." He was wrong; his 1959 training roster included 25 holdovers—and they played a great part in Philadelphia's astonishing success last year.

From a last-place tie in 1958, the Eagles climbed to a second-place tie with Cleveland in 1959. (Each had a 7-5 record, finished three games behind the New York Giants.) The swift rise of the Eagles was due largely to the combined talents of quarterback Norm Van Brocklin, halfbacks Bill Barnes and Clarence Peaks, pass receiver Tommy McDonald, defensemen Jess Richardson (a tackle), and Tommy Brookshier (a halfback).

All will be back this season. Two key men—Van Brocklin on offense and Richardson on defense—will be over 30 but the others are relatively young. At 34, Van Brocklin is the reason the Eagles rely so heavily on passing for their offensive thrust. (They gained almost two-thirds of all their yards through passing, were the poorest team in the NFL in rushing.) Van Brocklin has the best mechanical equipment in the game. He can throw the long pass or short pass, the hard pass or soft pass with equal facility. He is accurate; last year he hit on 56.2 percent of his passes (only three quarterbacks in the league did better). Moreover, he has the ability to unload quickly—a gift long needed by Philadelphia passers, for they don't get a great deal of protection from the line. But Van Brocklin can't defy the demands of age forever. Perhaps for that reason the Eagles made quarterback Jack Cummings of North Carolina their fourth draft choice. But it will probably be two or three seasons (if ever) before Cummings can prove his ability to

succeed Van Brocklin. Veteran Sunny Jurgensen is also around if he's needed at quarterback.

At the moment, Van Brocklin has a fine assortment of receivers. The most elusive of them are Tommy McDonald, once a halfback at Oklahoma who's now playing flanking end for Philadelphia, and Pete Retzlaff. Both are "long" men, averaging 18 and 17.5 yards per reception respectively. The "short" men are the two backfield men—Barnes and Peaks. Together, they averaged less than half of the yardage gained per pass by McDonald and Retzlaff. But they were also the ball-carrying backbone of the Eagles. Between them, they accounted for seven out of every eight yards gained rushing by the Eagles. Philadelphia's hope of bulwarking them by adding Ron Burton of Northwestern—their top draft pick—was thwarted when Burton signed with Boston of the AFL. "We still need a fast, outside back," says Buck Shaw.

It was also apparent that the Eagles were looking for somebody to step in and replace retired Chuck Bednarik, at center. Their choice: All-America center Maxie Baughan of Georgia Tech. Another possibility is Bill Lapham of Iowa (6-3, 250 pounds), the top center the last two years in the Big Ten. Other rookie hopefuls include Ted Dean, a 210-pound halfback from Wichita; John Wilcox, huge Oregon tackle; Gene Gossage, Northwestern tackle; and a flashy pass-catching Marquette end, Larry Hubbard. Last year Coach Shaw labored successfully to improve the Philadelphia defense but it needs yet further improvement to climb the last hurdle in the division. The difficulty: Philadelphia must cut the gap between itself and New York by three games, not one—and that seems to be an overly formidable hurdle.



Bob Pellegrini



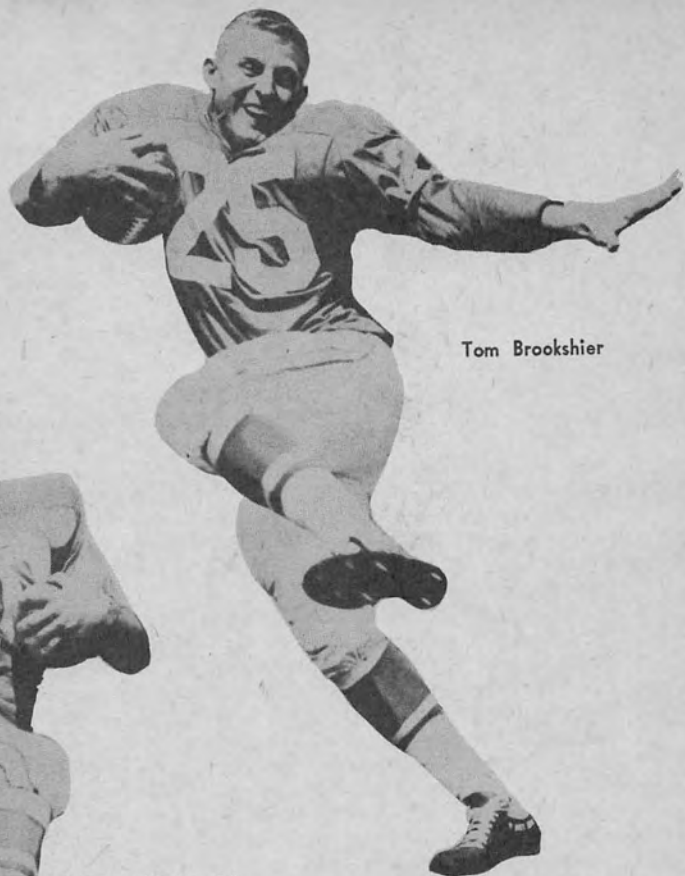
Jess Richardson



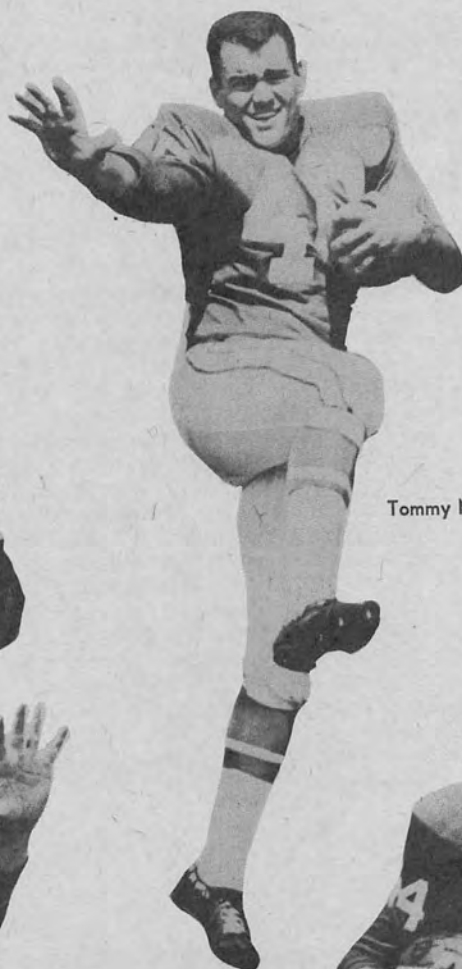
Don Owens



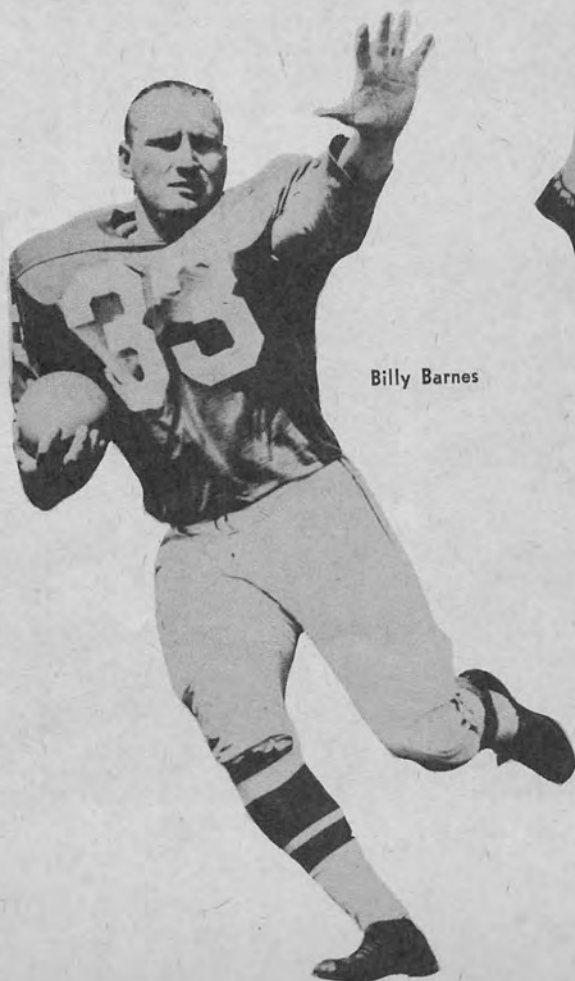
Norm Van Brocklin



Tom Brookshier



Tommy McDonald



Billy Barnes



Pete Retzlaff

Pittsburgh Steelers

There is a familiar refrain in the Pittsburgh prospects this season. It sounds a little like 1959 all over again. The reason: the Steelers started sluggishly in 1958, then won six of their last seven games. They started just as sluggishly in 1959, then won four of their last five games. But the lessons of 1959 have not been lost in 1960. No longer is everybody predicting that Pittsburgh will threaten for the title; rather they are waiting to see how the Steelers start out—and make out.

One man holds Pittsburgh's hopes in his hands: quarterback Bobby Layne. As Layne goes, so go the Steelers. For Pittsburgh is a passing team—largely because it has not been able to assemble a consistently potent running game. Apparently indestructible, the 33-year-old Layne is calm and judicious on the field, picks his time and passes with high individuality. When he wants to go, he's hard to stop. When he wants to pass, he has fine receivers—notably Jimmy Orr and Tom Tracy—to throw to. Last year he completed only 47 percent of his passes but his 20 touchdown tosses was high for the eastern division. But on the whole he slipped from the top spot among the league's passers in 1958 to eighth place in 1959—and Pittsburgh's overall passing game slipped exactly the same way for exactly the same depth.

At the same time, the Steelers are struggling to solve the two problems that have plagued them most for several years: (1) finding a line-crushing fullback, and (2) developing a running attack to the outside. Coach Buddy Parker has tried to solve the problem by shifting Tom Tracy around the backfield. Tracy is a fine runner; last year he was fourth in the league in ground-gaining with 794 yards in 199 attempts for a 4.0 average. But he has little help on

the ground and as a result Pittsburgh was tenth in the league in rushing (and scored only ten touchdowns on the ground). Fullback John Henry Johnson was obtained from Detroit but he's 31 and slowed by an old leg injury.

Whatever success Pittsburgh enjoyed last year was due to improvement of the defensive unit. The line was bulwarked by tackle Ernie Stautner and linebacker Jack Reger. The secondary was an astonishingly alert unit, picking off 22 enemy passes and returning them for an average of 16.5 yards an interception. Dean Derby led the secondary—and the NFL—with seven interceptions and an 18.1 yard return average. But Dick Alban was right behind him with six interceptions and a 19.8 yard return average. Jack Butler didn't grab as many passes but his all-around work in the secondary ranked him among the league's finest.

The defense may improve in 1960—but the offense probably will not. One reason: the Steelers didn't get any of their first seven draft choices. Jack Spikes of Texas Christian, a swift bruising fullback who could have helped Tracy in the ground game, was their top draft choice but he signed with Houston of the American Football League instead. The next six draft choices of Pittsburgh had been traded to other teams. The same thing happened the previous year; Pittsburgh had traded all of its first seven draft choices to other teams. That means that for two years, Pittsburgh has recruited none of the cream of the nation's college talent—and that it must make do this year pretty much with what it had last year (unless it trades off more draft choices for fresh material). With other clubs on the move, Pittsburgh's problem may find it in difficult straits before season's end.



Jimmy Orr



Frank Varrichione

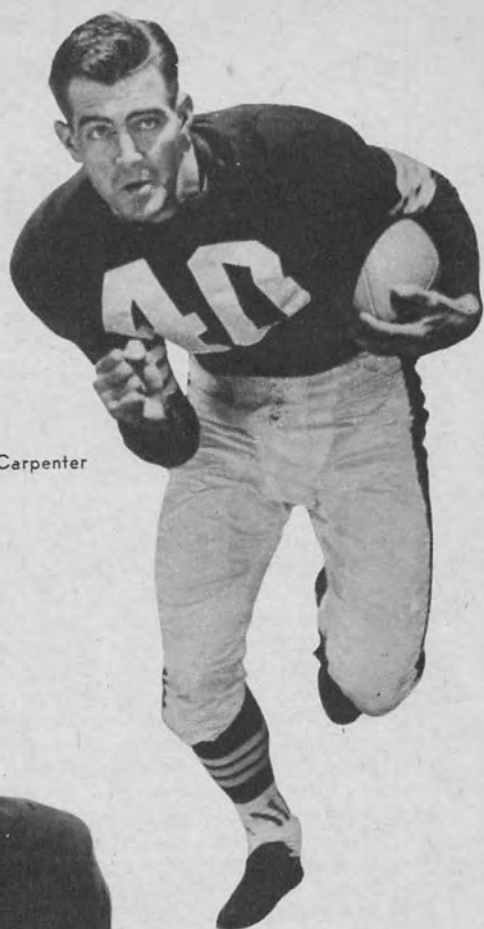


John Reger

George Tarasovic



Preston Carpenter



Larve Wren

Jack McClairen



Bobby Layne



St. Louis Cardinals

Two things contributed mightily to the collapse of the Cardinals last year: (1) inadequate quarterbacking and (2) an epidemic of fumbles. Nobody knows, quite frankly, whether they've solved either problem—but at futility by moving from Chicago to St. Louis. This won't hurt at all.

To relieve the quarterback problem, the Cardinals made George Izo of Notre Dame their first draft choice and immediately signed him. (They also made Jack Lee of Cincinnati their sixth draft choice.) Izo has already demonstrated his ability to throw the long pass. He has yet to prove whether he can master the complex problems of quarterbacking a pro team—not the least of which is recognizing defenses and changing plays on the line of scrimmage. He must not only beat out King Hill, last year the Cards' number one quarterback, but also M. C. Reynolds and John Roach, both of whom operated at quarterback last year when Hill was injured. It may not be difficult. By season's end, the Cardinal passing attack ranked tenth in the league and Hill ranked 13th among the passers in the league who threw 100 or more passes. Reynolds, too, was injured for much of the season and was unable to flash his form of 1958. But he could surprise again. He has style.

With the general ineffectiveness of the passing game, it seemed logical that the Cardinals would strike with a ground game. They tried—and they failed. The reason: 48 recorded fumbles in 12 games—most of them in scoring territory—and perhaps a dozen others that went unrecorded. At first it was thought that the fumbles were due to the complex ball-handling system in the Cardinal offense. (A great deal of that offense—a double-wing T designed by

Coach Frank Ivy—involves lateral movement behind the line of scrimmage in contrast to the quick straight-ahead thrusts of the better-known offensive styles.) "We eliminated the fancy stuff from our offense and tried to keep it as simple as possible," said Coach Ivy. "Then we fumbled more than ever." He shook his head. "There must have been a witch doctor at work in our camp." Ivy was satisfied with his backfield material—including hard-running John Crow—and with his team's desire. But he pointed out that the Cardinals lost four games because of fumbles. "I guess that fumbling epidemic was something that snowballed; once it started it kept growing and it killed us," he said dolefully.

On the face of it, the Cards had better material than their 2-10 record indicated last year. In the offensive line they had an all-league tackle (acquired from the Rams in the Ollie Matson trade) in Ken Panfil. He was the cement that held the line together, however temporarily. On defense they had tackle Frank Fuller (also an ex-Ram picked up in the Matson trade) and two very fine halfbacks in Dick Lane and Jerry Norton with Billy Stacy developing swiftly enough as a rookie to swipe five passes by the Cardinals' rivals.

The Cards did not do exceptionally well in the draft. Harold Olson, their second draft choice (and a tackle from Clemson) absent-mindedly signed contracts with both the NFL and the AFL. Bill Burrell, the Illinois guard and linebacker, went to Canada. At the moment, the Cardinals' need is for a cohesive, hard-punching offense. The material is there. Last year Coach Ivy demonstrated that he could improve the defense; now he must work his magic upon the offense.



Dale Memmelaar



Frank Fuller



John David Crow

Don Shinnick



John Unitas



Gino Marchetti



Buzz Nutter



Billy Prier



Chicago Bears

In many respects, the Bears are the most astonishing team in the Western Division. They lack blocking on the offensive team; they lack a consistent passing attack; their running was the least productive in the Western Division last year (and 11th-ranked in the league). Yet they finished second in the division and now have a string of seven straight wins as they enter 1960.

The chief reason: a tough, alert defensive line. Last year the Bears acquired Larry Morris from Washington and Morris teamed with shrewd, pass-grabbing Bill George to form one of the toughest linebacking duos in the league. This year the Bears must find some replacements up front. Big Bill Bishop, long a Bear defensive tackle, has retired. Earl Leggett has the first shot at replacing him and Maury Youmans, one of Syracuse's "Sizeable Seven" last year will get a chance to earn a first-string starting role as a defensive end.

"But," the now-retired Bishop has said, "no great team ever won with defense." His reasoning: the defense can get the ball but the offense must then score with it. And that's where the Bears encounter difficulty. For some reason, the Bears' offense lacks the volcanic power of yesteryear. Owner-Coach George Halas insists on running his offense with two quarterbacks and a third in reserve. Last year, despite his insistence, it became increasingly apparent that Ed Brown was indisputably the Bears' first string quarterback, though Zeke Bratkowski played quite a bit. Brown threw 247 passes (Bratkowski threw only 62) and completed 125 of them for 1,881 yards and sixth place among the league's passers.

The current difficulty may be the failure of the receivers to get downfield. Harlon Hill, once one of the great pass receivers of the league, has now slowed down appreciably

and Jim Dooley has the nimble dexterity of a ballet artist but not the bone-busting speed to exploit a long-passing game.

Just as important is the inability of the offensive line to block long enough to let the receivers get downfield and for Brown to spot them. And once the defensive linemen come charging through, the Bear halfbacks are too small and Rick Casares—a fine ball-carrier—too uncertain a blocker to stop them. The result: Bear quarterbacks were thrown for about 211 yards in losses last year. To bolster the offensive line, the Bears will assign Roger Davis, the All-America guard from Syracuse, to replace the retired Abe Gibron at offensive guard. At center, they're seeking somebody to replace the aging Larry Strickland and to spell his successor (for the most part) last year, John Mellekas. Among the prospects: Ken Kirk from Mississippi and Roger LeClerc, a little All-America center from Trinity College in Hartford, Conn.

Last year, the Bears kept four rookies, among them John Petitbon, an exceptional defensive back, and Willard Dewveall, a good slot back for the short pass. In December, their draft list was thought by many to be among the best in the league. The Bears are also hoping to bolster the team with hard-driving fullback Ed Kovac of Cincinnati who was the nation's seventh-ranked pass catcher (among collegians) with 31 completions for 332 yards and durable Pete Manning, a fullback-turned end from Wake Forest, as well as Glenn Shaw, a back from Kentucky.

Perhaps the youth will help the Bears overcome a peculiar difficulty: their tendency to collapse in the last quarter. Throughout the season, the opposition found it much easier to score against the Bears—and to stop the Bears' offense—in the last quarter than at any other time.



Fred Williams



Bill George



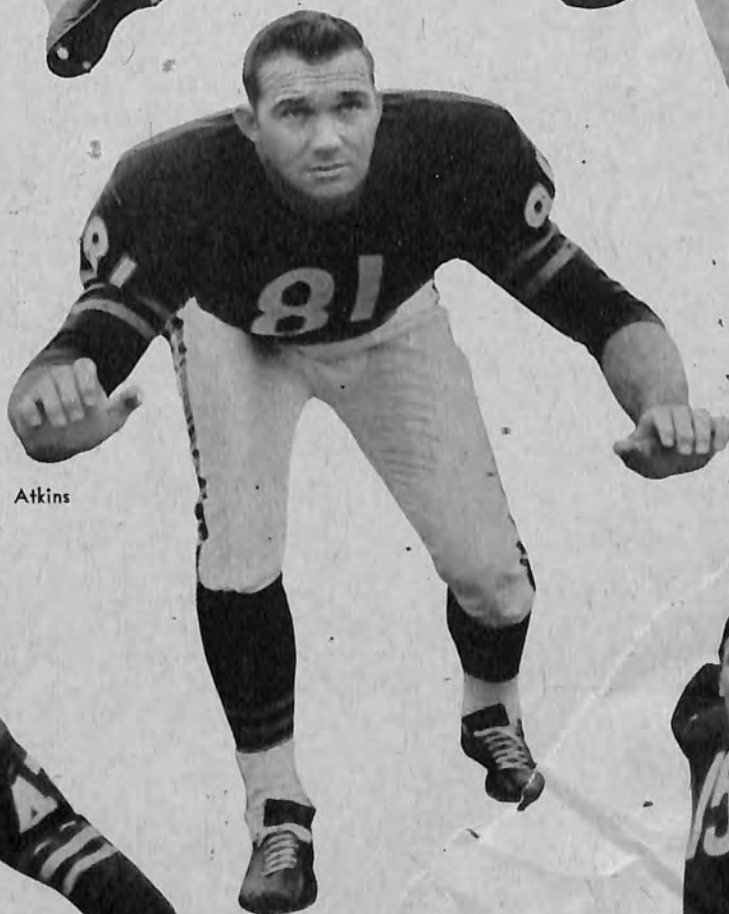
Stan Jones



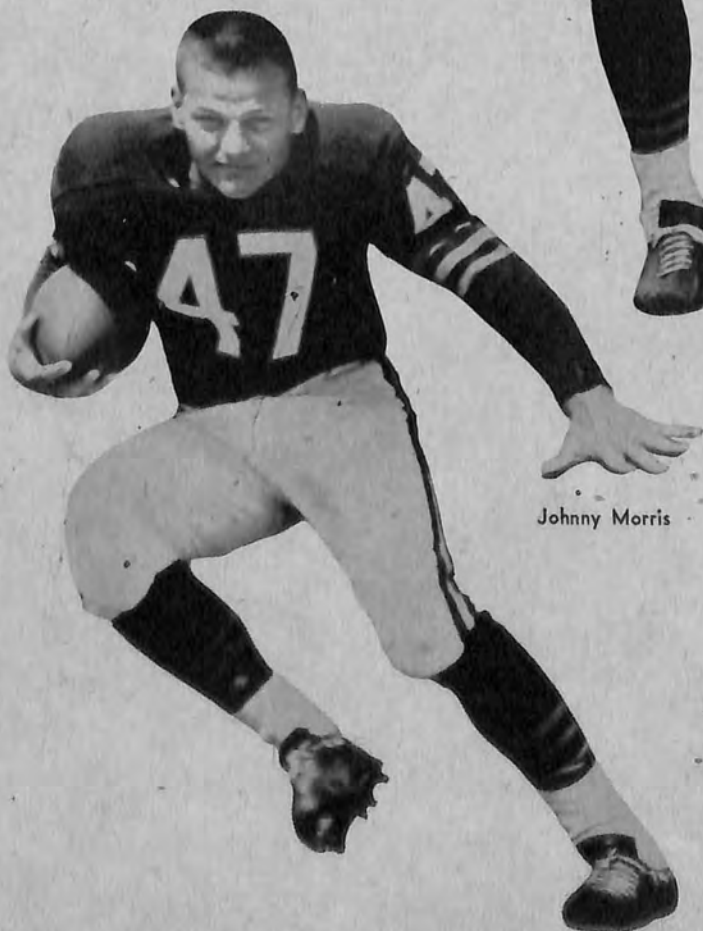
Harlon Hill



Rick Casares



Doug Atkins



Johnny Morris



Ed Brown

Los Angeles Rams

The enigma of the year was focused in the land of sham and sunshine. More than a million persons—the third straight million-plus year for the Rams—streamed out to the Coliseum to see the Los Angeles Rams experience their worst season since moving to the West Coast in 1946. Endowed with what many thought was the best offensive material in football history, the Rams collapsed like a tired soufflé, won two and lost ten, and finished in last place in the Western Division of the league.

The reasons offered by critics—amateur and pro—were diverse. Radio-TV announcer Tom Harmon said that the “only thing wrong with the Rams is that they are prima donnas. In old-fashioned jargon, they are gutless.” But Tom Fears, once a great end with the Rams, claimed that the fault lay with Ram Coach Sid Gillman. “The first year Gillman coached us, we all thought he was a good coach,” said Fears. “The second year he changed completely. He became a tyrant.”

Whether Fears' remarks were just or not, accurate or otherwise, the Los Angeles brass appeared to agree. At season's end, they fired Gillman and brought in old quarterback Bob Waterfield as head coach. If nothing else, hopeful Ram fans claimed, the present Los Angeles quarterback, Billy Wade, enjoyed his best year with the pros when Waterfield was backfield coach.

If Waterfield can make Wade work, then perhaps Wade can make the offense work. For it was the offense that provided the most spectacular failure last year. The Rams had the league's shifتيest back in Jon Arnett, a nimble halfback with astonishing balance and ability to recover from the first impact of a tackle. They had the league's fastest back (in the straightaway) in Ollie Matson, who also has the bruising power of a fullback. They had two

of the league's great pass receivers in Del Shofner and Jim Phillips as well as the league's most grievously overlooked back in Tom Wilson. Yet this offense actually produced fewer touchdowns last year than in 1958 (when it lacked Matson). In 1958, the Rams scored 43 touchdowns; last year they scored only 29.

Part of the problem seemed to be in offensive blocking. With Arnett and Matson in the same backfield, Wade—who'd had a brilliant exhibition season—frequently found himself with no blocking. The line was little help; it was as porous as a high school line.

The defense, never exceptionally good, became worse last year. In trade, the Rams gave up four of their best defensive linemen, found themselves relying largely on Les Richter, whose linebacking talents have been, in the view of some rivals, largely overrated. Moreover, the pass defense sagged miserably. The Rams' secondary picked off only seven enemy passes all season and returned them for a total net gain of five yards.

Basically, the Rams are going into the 1960 season with the same offensive material as last year. Only Del Shofner won recognition as all-league material; Duane Putnam, an offensive guard and captain of the team, won some acclaim, but he was suspended, abruptly sent home late last season without public explanation, and subsequently sold to the Dallas Cowboys. They will augment it with rookies Dick Bass, a one-time all-America halfback from the College of the Pacific, and Carroll Dale, an offensive end from Virginia Polytech. To bolster the defense, they acquired a linebacker in Jerry Stalcup of Wisconsin (who will have to put some beef on his 217 pounds to play defense) and an exceptional safety man in Charley Britt of Georgia.



Del Shofner



Lou Michaels



Alex Lansford

Ollie Matson



Jim Phillips



Tom Wilson



Jon Arnett



Joe Marconi



San Francisco 49ers

The 49ers are in a race against time. Every year recently they've improved their won-loss record by one game over the previous year—and every year they get older and older. Last season they finished in a tie for third (with Green Bay) with a 7-5 record, two games better than in 1957 and two games poorer than the title-winning Baltimore Colts. Now they find themselves with some of their key men in their 30's. All-league tackle Leo Nomellini, the 265-pound behemoth who has never missed a league game, is 34. Quarterback Y. A. Tittle, all-league end Billy Wilson, and fullback Joe Perry—pro football's all-time leading ground-gainer—are 33. Hugh McElhenny, sometimes a fullback and sometimes a slot back, is 31. The question now is whether age will catch up with the 49ers before the 49ers catch up with a division title.

Last year the 49ers solved their most critical problem: defense. In 1958, San Francisco gave up 5.4 yards per play—or a first down on every two plays—to their opponents. They surrendered 42 touchdowns. Both were high marks in the league. In 1959, the vastly-improved San Francisco defense cut its rival from 324 points (in 1958) to 237. The reason: the swift development of rookie Bob Harrison as middle linebacker, of Charlie Krueger (who'd suffered a broken arm in the exhibition series of 1958) as a defensive end, and the superb play of Nomellini and defensive halfback Abe Woodson.

It is on offense that the San Francisco problems now lie. Last season, the yard-gaining was bound up in four men—Wilson, Tittle, Perry, and halfback J. D. Smith. Only Smith is under 33. Wilson is by far one of the toughest pass receivers to halt; he is perhaps the most skilled end in the league at evading linebackers to bolt downfield. Last season he caught 44 passes, more than twice as many as any other

player on the team—and finished sixth in the NFL in ground gained through passing. (No other 49er was among the top 34.) So if Wilson fades, the 49er passing attack fades with him. There are suspicions that the other end of the 49er passing attack—able quarterback Y. A. Tittle—may already have faded. Toward the end of the 1959 campaign, Coach Red Hickey showed some signs of impatience with Tittle and frequently yanked him for second-string quarterback John Brodie.

One reflection of the problem last year: the subtle shift from a passing to a running offense. The shift may have been stimulated by the eruption of one of the bright new stars in the game: J. D. Smith. A reject of the Bears (for whom he played defense) J. D. went to offense last year and piled up 1,036 yards rushing, second only in the NFL to Cleveland's Jimmy Brown. It was more than half the yardage gained by the 49ers on the ground all last season. In fact, the combination of halfback Smith and fullback Perry carried the ball on 82 percent of all of San Francisco's rushes last season.

To give the offense a little more ball-carrying variety, the 49ers drafted Ray Norton, the highly-heralded "world's fastest man." But Norton is a bright U. S. Olympic prospect and could not commit himself to playing with the 49ers until after the Olympics. Moreover, he lacks experience—he played little football in college—and the brawn for regular play in the NFL. (Even when he played at San Jose State, he was used as a spot player.)

Otherwise, the 49ers concentrated on acquiring linemen in the draft. Their best young prospects include center Max Fugler, an All-America from Louisiana State, Monte Stickle, the aggressive powerful end from Notre Dame, and guard Rod Breedlove from Maryland.



Leo Nomellini



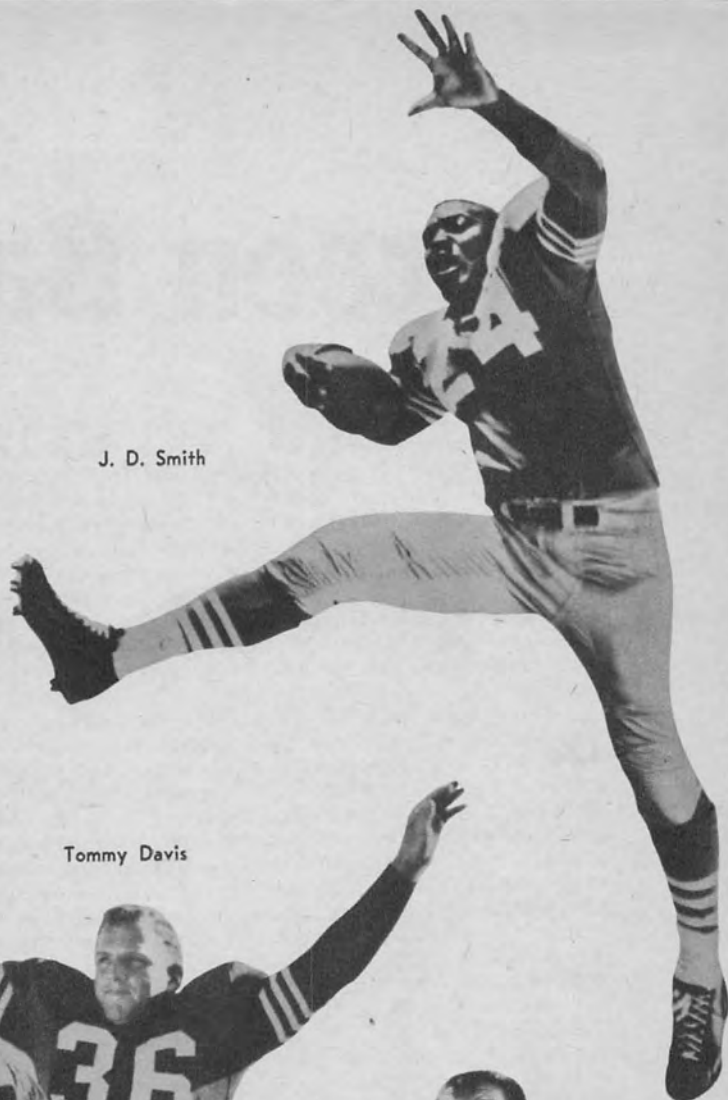
Bob St. Clair



Charlie Krueger



Hugh McElhenny



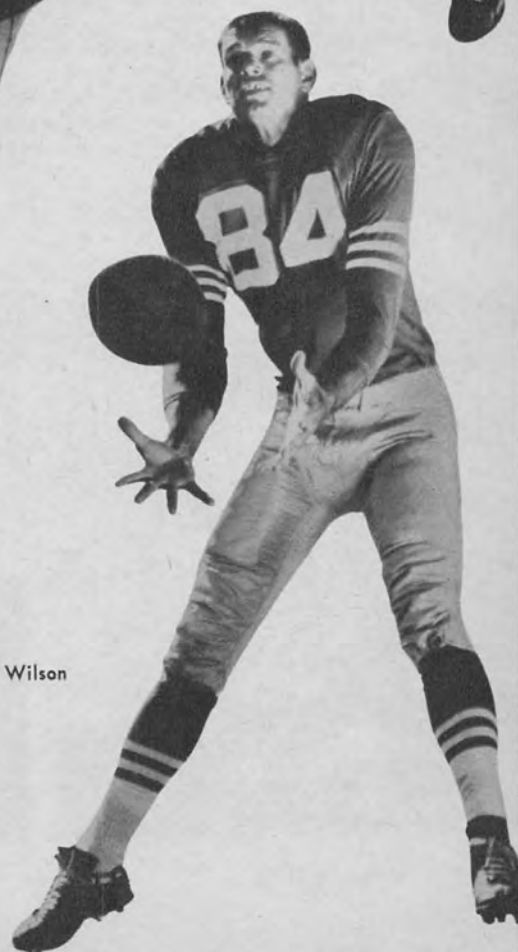
J. D. Smith



Tommy Davis



Y. A. Tittle



Kelly Wilson

Green Bay Packers

No saga was more inspiring last year than the abrupt rise of the Green Bay Packers. Not since 1947 had the Packers won more games than they lost. In 1958, they'd won only one (and tied another) of 12 games. Yet last year they climbed to a third-place tie in the western division, won seven of their 12 games, and flirted shamelessly with first place for a few weeks, mainly by beating the Bears, 9-6, and the San Francisco 49ers, 21-20. At season's end, after whipping San Francisco for the second time, the Packers returned home to find that some 10,000 persons had waited for hours in a freezing rain to cheer their landing.

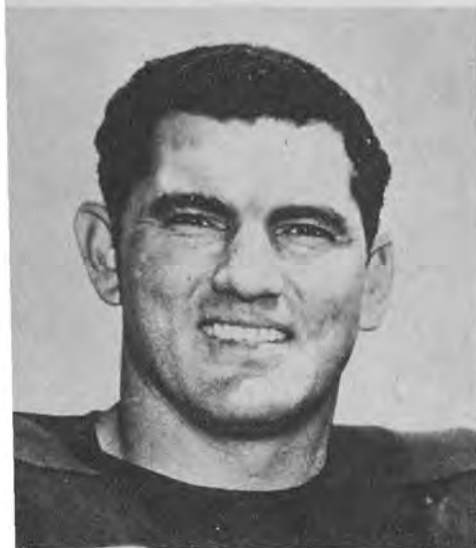
The man who made all this possible was tough, intelligent Vince Lombardi, head coach and front-office boss of the Packers. Hired to pick up the pieces of the Packers' shattered dreams, he spurned all "five-year plans" and instead put together a team from the remnants of the 1958 squad and veterans from other teams, then filled them with a sense of their own destiny. He put together an offense that lacked explosive brilliance but could grind out the yardage steadily behind the skilled offensive blocking of an interior line that had five men—including all-league center Jim Ringo—over 250 pounds. The heart of that running game was Paul Hornung, the club's biggest ground-gainer last year with 683 yards. With him, Lombardi teamed Jim Taylor, a fullback just coming into his own in his second year in the league, and power-hitting Lew Carpenter—acquired from the Browns in an off-season trade.

Lombardi not only got the most out of his ball-carriers but also out of his quarterbacks. Bart Starr has trouble in throwing the long pass. Lamar McHan, acquired from the Cardinals, has great mechanical ability but long seemed plagued by an inability to rise above his own lack of confi-

dence. Jim Francis is a good runner but was unused to the technicalities of the T-formation. Through adroit handling, Lombardi got the most out of all of them. McHan ranked eighth in the league with an average of 7.45 yards per completed pass; Starr ranked ninth with a 7.25 average. Their targets were Max McGee, whose average of 23.2 yards per completion led the league, Gary Knafelc, and Boyd Dowler (ex-quarterback at Colorado U., an end with the Packers).

The greatest need of the Packers was for more depth and speed in the backfield. They hope they've acquired both in brilliant rookie Tom Moore from Vanderbilt. But they lost ground in two other ways. Bob Jeter, the skilled Iowa halfback, chose to play Canadian football instead of yielding to the Packers, who'd made him their second draft choice. And Bill Butler, a swift open-field runner—he was one of the league's best in returning kickoffs and punts—was sold to the Dallas Cowboys. It is possible the Packers might want a little more depth at guard. They have hopes for Andy Cvercko, an All-America from Northwestern who was injured and sidelined for most of last season, and for Kirk Phares, a draftee from South Carolina.

To strengthen the club, Lombardi need only turn on his trading ability. Last year he determined to improve the uncertain Packer defense. He acquired veteran defensive halfback Emlen Tunnell from the New York Giants and defensive end Bill Quinlan from the Cleveland Browns. His aim: to cover receivers more thoroughly with Tunnell, to harass enemy passers more consistently with Quinlan. By season's end, the Packers had yielded only 246 points—a vast improvement over the 382 they surrendered in 1958—and racked up one of the league's three 1959 shut-outs.



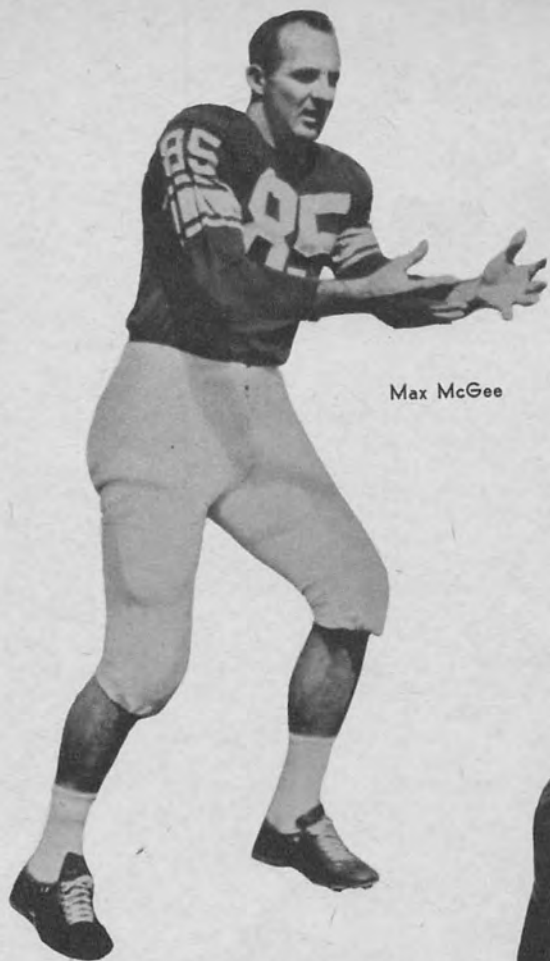
Forrest Gregg



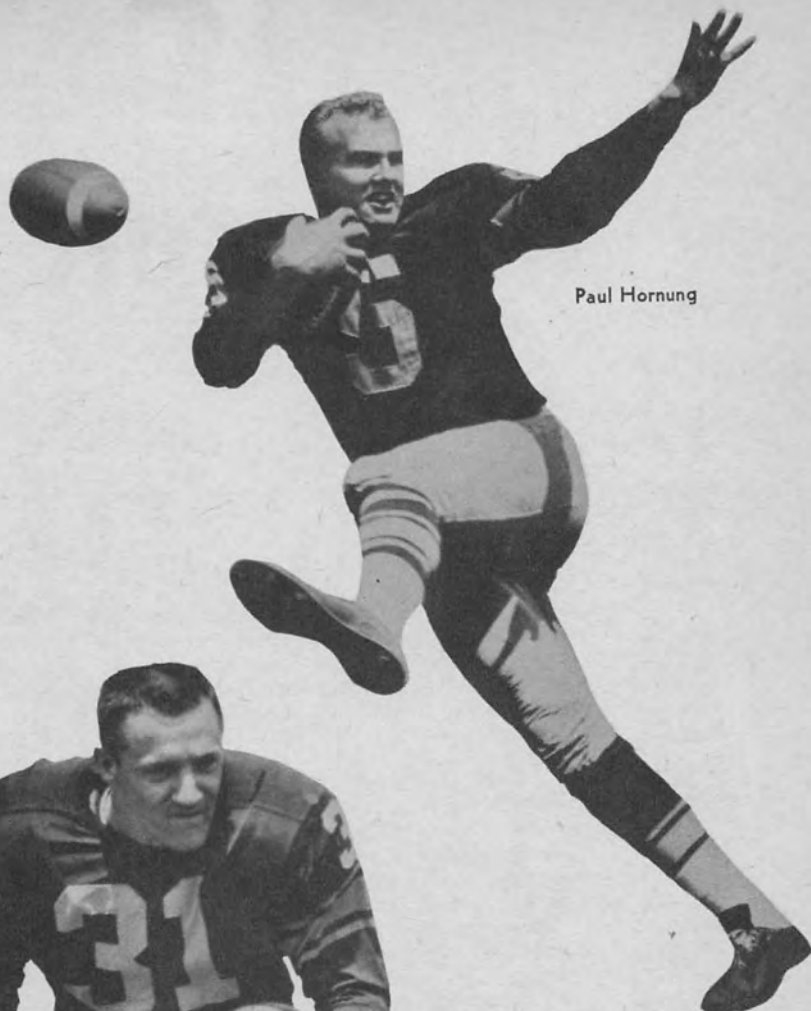
Jim Ringo



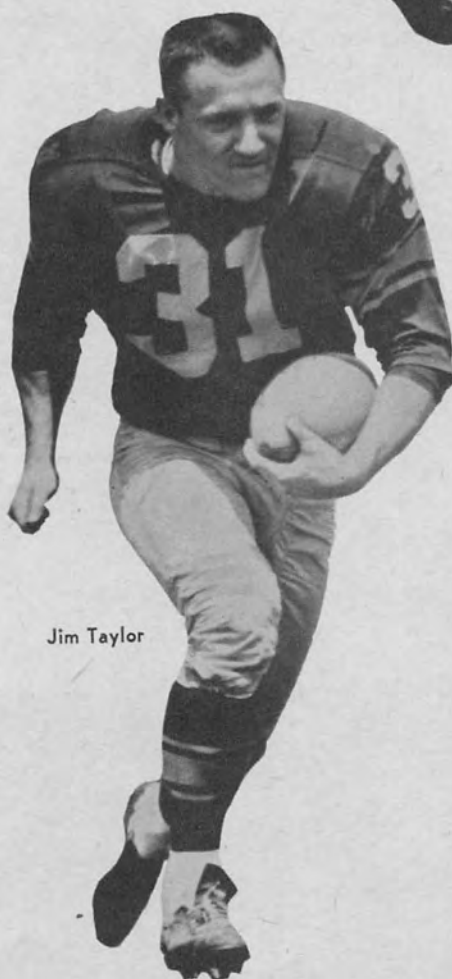
Jesse Whittenton



Max McGee



Paul Hornung



Jim Taylor



Gary Knefelc



Bart Starr

Detroit Lions

Age caught up with the Lions last year. The men who were instrumental in bringing them a league title in 1957—quarterback Tobin Rote, end Jim Doran, defenseman Jim David, and fullback John Henry Johnson among others—were all in their 30's. The Lions simply had no men to force the veterans out. In fact, they had to call back 31-year-old tackle Lou Creekmur to bolster a sagging line after the Lions lost their first four games.

Now they've lost most of those men. Creekmur has retired again. Jim David, an exceptional defenseman, retired to go into coaching. Tobin Rote has decided to shift his talents to Canadian football. And John Henry Johnson was traded to Pittsburgh. In addition, Charley Ane, who was shifted from tackle to center last year, has been sold to the Dallas Cowboys.

So it will be a relatively "new" Detroit team that will struggle for survival this year. To a large extent it will rely on the passing of Earl Morrall. Last year, Morrall filled in for injured Tobin Rote and subsequently was rated the second best quarterback in the league with an average gain of 8.04 yards per completion. Yet Detroit passing was, on the whole, the worst in the league. It gained an average of only 5.07 yards per completion and had 27 passes intercepted, the highest in the league. One reason: Rote—who was playing out his option so he could shift to Canada this year—hurt his left thumb, subsequently had the poorest record of any NFL quarterback who tossed 100 or more passes. He passed more often than Morrall but completed less often. (His completion percentage of 38.5 was poorest in the league.) The result of all this was reflected in the pass receivers. Dave Middleton, ranked 38th in the number of receptions (18) was among the highest in average yardage gained (22.3). The Lions' best

receiver, Jim Gibbons, ranked 21st in passes caught yet averaged 13.9 yards per completion.

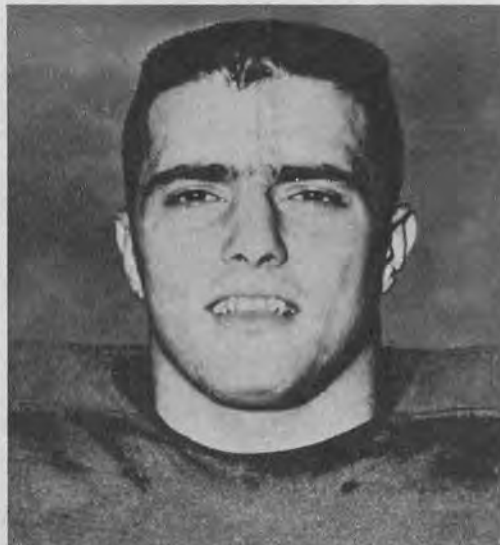
The faltering of the passing game meant the near-collapse of the Lion offense. In general, the Lions' running game was built around its fullbacks, Nick Pietrosante and John Henry Johnson. Between them, they accounted for about 40 percent of all the ground gained by Detroit ball-carriers. But with the passing game working poorly, the defense could stack the middle in an effort to stop the hard-running chores of Pietrosante and Johnson. Not even the fleet outside threat of Hopalong Cassady and Dan Lewis could give the Lions the overall versatility which they need for success.

Much of the difficulty lay in the line. On defense, line-backer Joe Schmidt again won all-league recognition. On offense, the line was so feeble that Lion quarterbacks were thrown for a stunning 300 yards in losses—and yet Rote was regarded as one of the best running quarterbacks in the league.

To relieve the problem at center, the Lions drafted two bright college prospects: Jim Andreotti of Northwestern (who signed with a Canadian team) and Bob Scholtz of Notre Dame. They're hoping for success in a number of other line prospects, among them Charlie Horton of Baylor, Ron Luciano of Syracuse and Lebron Shields of Tennessee. For the backfield, they are looking for additional offensive strength from Bruce Maher of Detroit and Gail Cogdill, a fine pass-receiver at Washington State. This is the year for the youngsters to come through. Last year, there were not enough good ones to force the aging veterans out. This year the veterans got out on their own hook—for the most part—and now the fortunes of the Lions rely on the young men.



Joe Schmidt



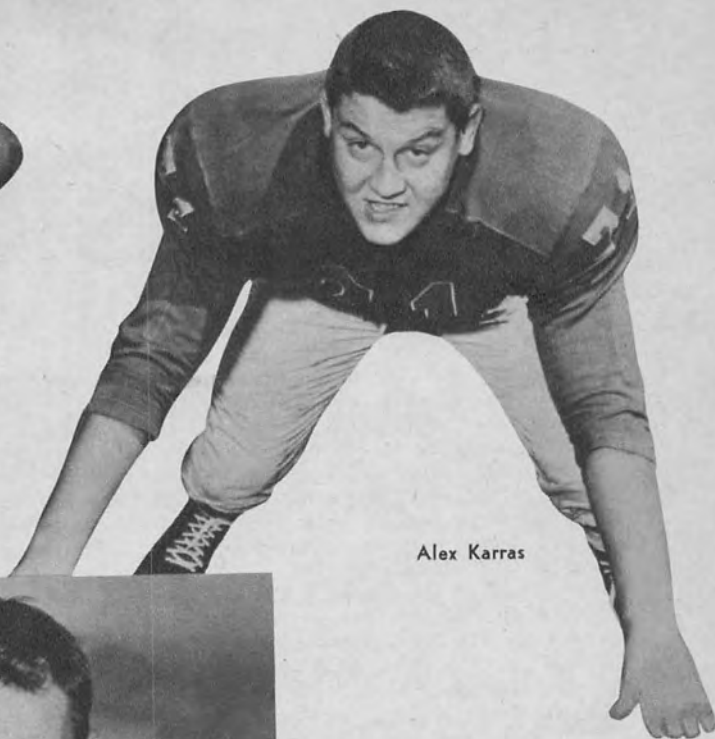
Nick Pietrosante



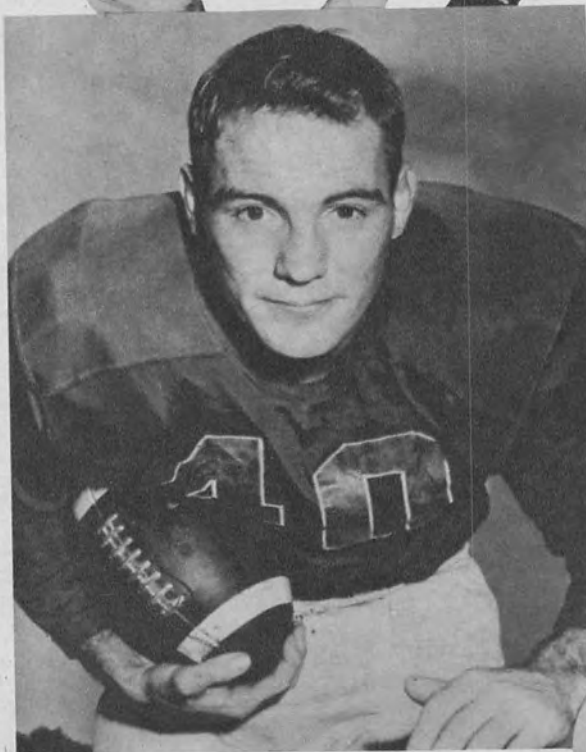
Bill Glass



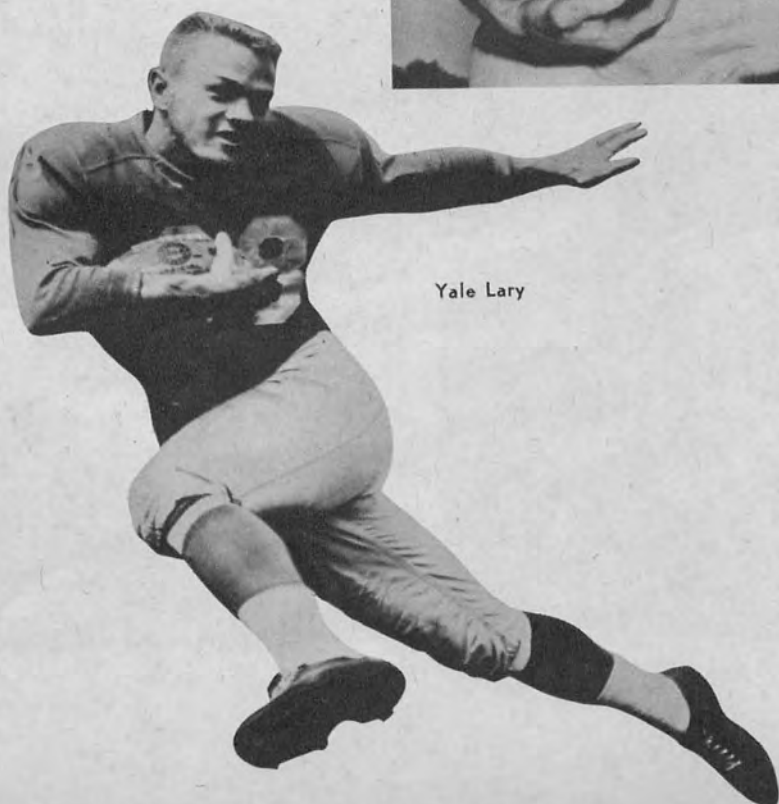
Darris McCord



Alex Karras



Hopalong Cassidy



Yale Lary



Terry Barr

Dallas Cowboys

One of the most intriguing teams in the NFL this year will be in Dallas. The reason: it is made up of men purchased from other NFL teams—three from each rival—and rookies. It will offer a wonderful opportunity to determine whether a true "team" can suddenly be formed by casting 36 pros together in the same training field. It will be a lesson not only for pro football but also for major-league baseball, should it ever fulfill its announced aspirations to expand.

The coach of the Cowboys will be a Texan-turned-New Yorker: Tom Landry, the excellent defensive coach of the New York Giants. Landry was a starting fullback and reserve quarterback on Blair Cherry's University of Texas team that played in the 1948 Orange Bowl game. With the Giants he was first an outstanding defensive player and more recently a coach highly instrumental in molding one of the most formidable defenses in football.

Curiously, the Giants did not send any defensemen with him to Dallas. Instead they gave him what he needs most—a quarterback with pro experience: Don Heinrich. For six years, Heinrich has been understudy to Charley Conerly of the Giants, waiting for his chance. (Last year his record was mediocre: he completed only 37.9 passes—22 of 58 attempts—and had an unusually high 10.3 percent of them intercepted.) Now he'll get his chance with the Cowboys. Behind him will be Don Meredith, the passing wizard of Southern Methodist who was drafted for Dallas by the Bears.

In other spots, the Cowboys have acquired exceptional skills. Baltimore gave up its outstanding young punter (51 punts, 41.8 yard average) in end Dave Sherer. Green Bay, in great need of backfield speed, gave up speedy Bill Butler, a rookie last year who was the Packer's best broken

field runner. Los Angeles, in great need of help in its offensive line, gave up offensive guard Duane Putnam.

Unless Landry makes personnel changes, here is how the offensive and defensive teams of the Cowboys will shape up (with the former teams of the players also listed):

OFFENSE

Ends: Dave Sherer, Baltimore; Franke Clarke, Cleveland; Fred Dugan, San Francisco; Dick Bielski, Philadelphia; Jim Doran, Detroit.

Tackles: Bob Fry, Los Angeles; John Gonzaga, San Francisco; Gerald De Lucca, Philadelphia; Bobby Cross, Cardinals.

Guards: Al Barry, New York; Buzz Guy, New York; Duane Putnam, Los Angeles; Don Healy, Bears; Joe Nicely, Washington.

Center: Charley Ane, Detroit.

Quarterbacks: Don Heinrich, New York; Don Meredith.

Halfbacks: L. G. Dupre, Baltimore; LeRoy Bolden, Cleveland; Don McIlhenny, Green Bay; Bill Butler, Green Bay; Ray Mathews, Pittsburgh.

Fullback: Ed Modzelewski, Cleveland.

DEFENSE

Ends: Nate Borden, Green Bay; Ed Husmann, Cardinals; Gene Cronin, Detroit.

Tackles: Ray Krouse, Baltimore; Ray Fisher, Pittsburgh.

Linebackers: Jerry Tubbs, San Francisco; Tom Braats, Washington; Jack Patera, Cardinals; Bill Streigel, Philadelphia.

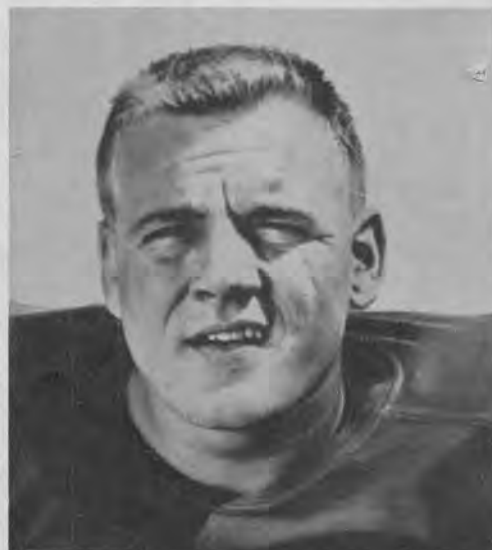
Halfbacks and safety men: Tom Frankhauser, Los Angeles; Doyle Nix, Washington; Jack Johnson, Chicago Bears; Pete Johnson, Chicago Bears; Bobby Luna, Pittsburgh.



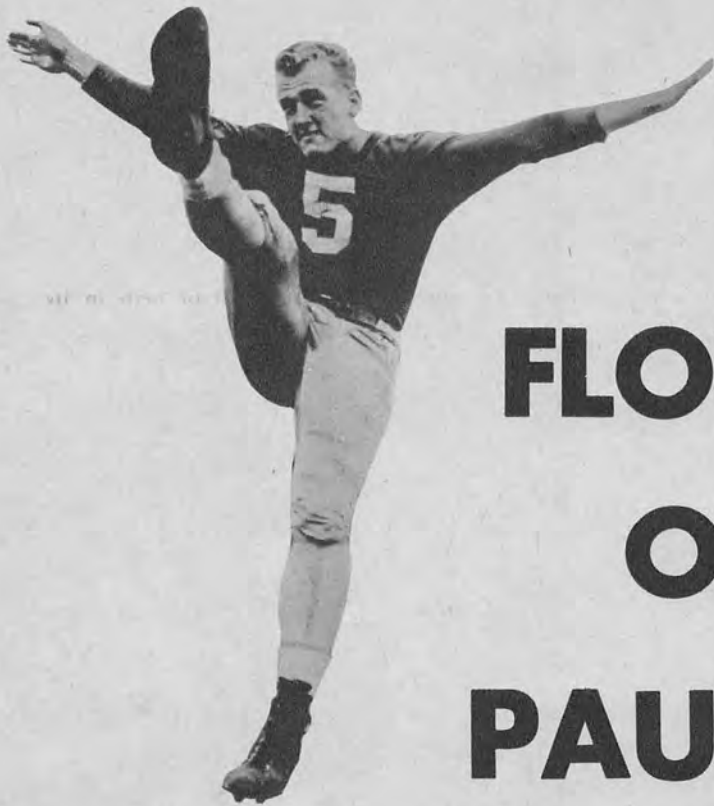
Don Meredith



Ray Krouse



Buzz Guy



THE FLOWERING OF PAUL HORNUNG



He made All-America at quarterback, then flunked as a passer with the pros. Now he's the toast of Green Bay

By JACK NEWCOMBE

The football hero, same as the small-town pastor, is expected to measure up to certain standards in the eyes of his devoted flock. He should be handsome in a crew-cut, square-jawed fashion. He should be faithful to his sweetheart, thoughtful of his mother, unstinting in his loyalty to the college that recruited him. And on Saturdays he selflessly leads his team to victory.

The fame and blandishments he receives are borne with a shrug and a smile. Occasionally a football hero with a duck-tail haircut or over-age pimples gets by. A few are found who don't get along well with their mothers.

These defects usually cost them in the long run. They don't get asked to narrate the game movies at really important alumni meetings; as pro players they seldom get a chance to endorse white shirts or golf jackets.

But the parochial football fans in Green Bay, Wisconsin, worship a hero who has been scoring against conformity ever since he left high school. He is Paul Hornung, the Packers' left halfback and last fall the leading scorer in the National Football League. For one thing, Hornung looks too handsome to be a good football player. He belongs on a lifeguard tower at Malibu Beach. During his senior year he almost never led his team to victory. He played on the poorest team Notre Dame had had in generations. As the non-passing

quarterback of the Irish Paul was sometimes known as The Leg. He defied the golden rules All-Americans are supposed to live by. He happily embraced all the girls, not just one, and he frankly welcomed all the publicity and opportunities to score touchdowns he could get. But Paul was and is extremely devoted to his mother with whom he lives alone in the off-season. And his loyalty to his old school is such that he gladly risks his professional limbs by scrimmaging in the Notre Dame Old Timer's Game each spring.

When he first turned pro Hornung had troubles typical of an All-America quarterback trying to graduate into the fastest league. He couldn't pass with the pros and the Packers didn't seem to know what to do with him. He was shuffled around the backfield like an ill-fitting uniform. Then last season, his third as a pro, Hornung found himself and Green Bay found a likely successor to such eminent local chieftains as Johnny Blood, Arnie Herber, Don Hutson, Clark Hinkle and Vern Lewellen.

It is no coincidence that Coach Vince Lombardi, Hornung and the Packers all arrived at the same moment. The Packers, of course, have been around for a long time but their recent history has not been distinguished by either good players or strong teams. The city unhappily became identified as a trouble spot for hot-shot college players and for coaches. From 1952 to 1958 three coaches, Gene Ronzani, Liz Blackburn and Scooter McLean, tried and failed to turn the Packers into a winner. College seniors went to bed nights praying they would not be drafted by the Packers. National League general managers stilled rebellious employees by threatening to truck them off to Green Bay.

Lombardi, designer and coach of the New York Giants' offense, came to Green Bay determined to correct the basic wrongs in the Packer setup. He reduced the influence of the eager citizens in the management of the team. He strengthened the club's defense so that the offense had a chance of keeping up with the opposition. He also reworked the attack and put Hornung where he belonged. Paul had proved to be a serviceable fullback the year before, although not the equal of predecessor Howie Ferguson. He was big enough for the job—6-2 and 215 pounds—but he was not a brute, up-the-middle runner. Hornung had more subtle talents, as Lombardi proved when he placed him at left halfback.

Hornung has quick-hitting if not devastating power, a slippery change-of-pace and good speed to the outside. He is a dangerous run-pass threat. He may not be able to pass with the best quarterbacks in the league but he can pass better than most of the halfbacks. On the Packers' bedeviling run-pass play last year Hornung hit his man five of eight times, twice for touchdowns. Only Frank Gifford of the Giants was as much of a menace on the same halfback play. "When Paul starts outside he's got the power of a fullback and the speed of a halfback," says Packer Captain Jim Ringo. "He can hit off tackle, go outside or pass from the series. Only Paul and the Lord know what he's going to do."

Halfback Hornung found himself in an excellent position to run off with the league scoring title. As the Packers' chief placekicker he could pick up the short, easy points. As the Packers' busiest runner he got a number of close-up cracks at the goal line. He rushed for seven touchdowns. "When Paul smells that goal his drive is something to see," said an ex-teammate. TV fans across the country had a chance to see it for themselves last Thanksgiving Day on the network coverage of the Packers-Detroit game. Twice, from the 11-yard line and the six, Paul scored with drive that few halfbacks can muster. His routes were similar, dip plays off tackle—or into the hole and around the end with a guard leading him. But each time the interference got stripped and Hornung had

[Continued on page 78]





Switching from quarterback to fullback to halfback, Hornung found himself, won league scoring title with 94 points.

A former Colt halfback and closest friend of the
290-pound all-pro defensive lineman tells...

How **BIG DADDY**

The first time I ever saw Big Daddy Lipscomb I didn't see him quite soon enough, which was too bad, because if I had seen him a little sooner, or at least if I'd seen him from a distance of something more than point-blank range, I might have racked six satisfying points up on the scoreboard.

But as things turned out, I didn't see much of anything, not for a while. Daddy nearly stripped my gears. Every time I get to taking an inventory of the scars and lumps that decorate my hide nowadays—pleasant memories of nine years in professional football—I can still see a visible keepsake of that first informal get-together with Daddy.

On the Sunday afternoon it happened late in 1952 it seemed like just another ball game, and not a very crucial one, the Los Angeles Rams versus the raggedy, low-down, almost insolvent Dallas Texans. I was drawing wages from the Texans that season.

Toward the end of the third quarter, just after the Rams shuttled some reserves onto the field, we took possession of the ball on our 40-yard line. We huddled, broke out, hiked into position with the magic number one of my plays. I remember thinking that the Texans could use a real glory-be touchdown run, and so could Young.

For a brief, flickering moment it looked as if the Texans and Young might get that run too. On the three-count I took a feed, turned on some leg drive, swung out wide around left end. Except for a hulking linebacker our lead guard hadn't blotted out, an alleyway opened up along the sidelines right down into the promised land.

Or so it seemed. Just as I spun past the linebacker with a stutter-step and began stretching for the goal line my trespass came to a jolting stop. From somewhere behind me two hulking arms reached out, grabbed at my shoulder-pads, flung me to the turf.

That wasn't anything novel, of course. I'd been tackled thousands of times before—maybe millions. In all my years with Illinois, the Fleet City Bluejackets, the New York Yankees, the New York Bulldogs, the Texans and the Baltimore Colts I had learned what it felt like to bite the dust. Yet this particular tackle was different.

The last thing I recall before I went down in a tangle of arms and legs was a deep booming voice. As I fell, the voice spoke. Rude, sneering words formed, scratching an arrogant message across my mind.

"You're not going nowhere," the voice said, "Daddy's got you now."

I lay there for a while, shaken right down to my cleats. Numb, boiling mad, disgusted with the game, with being hammered down from behind and with that booming voice, I rolled over and looked up. I looked way, way up.

Far above me a vast shape almost blotted out the California sun. Two huge feet the size of my arms anchored the shape to the ground. Great trunks of legs ran up toward a thick waist, a heroic torso stretched north to a point where it widened into an enormous rack of shoulders. Above those shoulders a long

[Continued on page 72]



made it big

By **BUDDY YOUNG**

as told to Robert Deindorfer



Out of the pack No. 76, Lipscomb himself, reaches up a triumphant paw and crushes a Giant field goal attempt.

Fans—and even the players—
traditionally eat Ram coaches . . .

Can Waterfield Lick the L. A. Jinx?

By Jim Scott

It would be hard to imagine a more bedraggled football team than were the Los Angeles Rams at the close of the 1954 season. Coach Hampton Pool had fought an open player rebellion since the first game. Not only had the players lost confidence in Pool—and he in them—but also his four assistants notified him that they were resigning at season's end.

No fool, Pool knew an intolerable situation when he saw one. Pulling in his jut-jaw he resigned. "If I ever set foot in this town again," Hamp told Rams' president Dan Reeves, "may it be in Forest Lawn."

Well, anything can happen in Los Angeles. And often does. Pool is back in town this fall. And not in the cemetery, either. Rather, he's again in the hot seat as the No. 1 assistant to Bob Waterfield, the bright new hope of the Rams. And to confuse matters even worse, Waterfield was once a Hamp Pool assistant coach on the Rams.

Which brings us down to the question of the day. Can Waterfield lick the Los Angeles jinx? Can he beat a system that has seen six previous head coaches come and go since 1946, most of them with their heads handed to them on their lap?

Insiders think that if anyone can crack this jinx, it has to be Waterfield, the fabled ex-quarterback of the Rams' glory days. They tell you that Waterfield has never been associated with anything but success, and that includes his 17-year marriage to his high school sweetheart, Jane Russell.

Waterfield signed a five-year contract, calling for \$25,000 per annum, and he made only one real demand—that

Hamp Pool return to the club. The Rams' owners agreed and Pool, who was doing all right with a Toronto travel agency, also agreed.

Waterfield and Pool always got on well. Bob played his last season with the Rams in 1952 under Pool. And they had won the last eight games for a Western Division tie with the Detroit Lions. The four owners were not opposed to Pool since he had compiled a 23-10-2 record in his three years as head coach. So Waterfield was able to offer Hamp a \$20,000 contract. Perhaps a record for an assistant coach, it did the trick.

Waterfield has arranged things this way. Pool has been placed in charge of the offense. And he'll return the Rams to the use of three running backs and two ends. This was the system Waterfield played under Pool. Recently, under the now departed Sid Gillman, the Rams employed three ends and two running backs. "Of course," said Waterfield, "this doesn't mean that we won't occasionally flank one of our backs. But the flanker won't be known as a 'third end.'"

Waterfield has even more important uses for Pool. Pool is a gregarious, outgoing guy, Waterfield tends to be cool and aloof. Bob doubtless will leave to Pool many of the head coach's extra-curricular duties. If it is togetherness that is needed between staff and players, Hamp will be the catalyst here, not Waterfield.

Since Waterfield has had no head-coaching experience, he is expected to let Pool run the practice sessions as well as the offense. Bob's only previous experience came in



The seventh Ram coach since 1946, Waterfield has one big thing going for him—popularity. Los Angeles fans love him.

1958 when he had charge of the Ram quarterbacks. Much credit is his for the development of quarterbacks Bill Wade and Frank Ryan. Wade last season surpassed several team passing records held by Norm Van Brocklin and, ironically, Waterfield. Waterfield will continue to concentrate on the quarterbacks. Unlike Gillman, he believes the quarterback should be allowed to call his own signals.

Although not officially connected with the Rams last year, Waterfield did serve as one of their pressbox observers at home games. In fact, he's never been far away from the club since his playing days. Spasmodically he's scouted opponents of the Rams, and he's also scouted prospects. It was at his recommendation that the Rams drafted Ryan.

Don't get the impression from all of this that Hamp Pool will be running the show, and not Waterfield. Bob Waterfield is his own man as he has always been his own man. He was hired to do a job for the Rams not on the basis of so many games won as a coach. He was hired because Waterfield is a leader (also because he is identified with a winning tradition—season ticket sales zoomed to an all-time high after Bob got the job). He proved that

in his nine-year career with the Rams. He is a leader and the Rams need a leader, one who can take them at least a little farther than they went last year when they finished sixth in the six-team Western Division—two wins against ten losses.

He is a leader and he has talents as a coach and all you have to ask is a certain unbiased observer, Jane Russell.

Jane says, "I'm sure that Bob is a natural born teacher. I've watched him work with kid quarterbacks. They catch on quickly. And they really worship him. I think that Bob's reserve is an asset. I notice when he finally says something nice to one of the kids, the boy knocks himself out to please Bob. He has a way of reducing instructions to the simplest terms. He says only what's necessary. I don't care if it's golf, tennis or football. I know he's taught me lots of things.

"Another thing," says Jane, "Bob is a strict disciplinarian. He won't take any nonsense. This should be good for the Rams."

With such a glamorous den mother as Jane Russell, the Rams should be on their best behavior this autumn. She was Bob's most faithful rooter in his eight happy years



Jane Russell is sure her husband will make it. She says, "Bob is a natural born teacher. And he won't take any nonsense."

as the Rams' sharpshooting quarterback and field leader.

Out in Sherman Oaks in their hillside home under the spreading orange trees, the Waterfields lead an idyllic life with their three children. Since 1952 Bob has headed a movie production company, RussField Productions. He also has oil interests in Texas and a piece of The Pump Room, a popular Los Angeles restaurant.

Since he doesn't need the money, why did Bob join a firm which has a tradition of trouble?

"I think I can answer this," said America's most famous sweater girl. "It means something to be identified with the liveliest thing in Los Angeles. It's real exciting. Our lives were becoming a bit too quiet. I think things will be livelier now."

They could hardly miss if the past means anything.

Waterfield is the seventh head coach the Rams have employed since 1946 and Adam Walsh. The others: Bob Snyder (1947-48), Clark Shaughnessy (1949), Joe Stydahar (1950-51-one game of '52), Hampton Pool (1952-54) and Sid Gillman (1955-59). A variety of factors blew these gentlemen off their perch. Not the least was insurrection of the players.

The seeds of rebellion, in fact, may still be with the Rams. Tom Fears, who led the uprising against Pool in

1954, was hired to coach the ends. And while Pool is recognized in some quarters as an offensive genius, he is not known for any outstanding ability in handling men.

Even a worse charge has been raised against him. In 1950 Coach Stydahar added Pool to his staff, and the Rams won the Western Conference before losing, 30-28, to Cleveland in the playoff. The following season the Rams repeated as conference champions, and this time they bounced the Browns, 24-17, for the NFL title.

At game's end Jumbo Joe was carried off the field on the shoulders of his beloved Rams. But when the club was trounced 37-6 by Cleveland in the first league game of 1952, Stydahar found himself out and Pool in.

To this day you still can hear Joe say: "Pool torpedoed me."

Under Hamp, the Rams rallied to win their last eight games and climb from the cellar to a division tie with Detroit. Pool went 8-3-1 in 1953 and 6-5-1 in 1954. He was accused of being a Captain Bligh. And he refused to delegate authority to his assistants.

Came the insurrection and the assistants joined with the players. At times charming and witty, Hamp also delighted in humiliating a player before the entire squad with his biting sarcasm. The players frequently complained to



In the eight years that Waterfield quarterbacked the Rams, team won Western title four times, NFL championship twice.

the Ram Fan Club of Pool's rough language at halftime and his general abusive conduct. And the club president accused Van Brocklin of refusing to pass to Elroy Hirsch because of jealousy.

The uprising was too much for Pool, who fled to Toronto of the Canadian League. And he had Waterfield on his staff during the pre-season training period of 1957.

After Toronto dropped its fifth game last season, Pool was roundly booed and sent on his way.

Regardless of what others may think of Pool, Waterfield's confidence in him never wavered. Both he and Jane feel that the travel service bureau has taught Hamp how to get along with other people.

"I guess it was a good deal at that," says Hamp. "I had to watch my language and my temper. I don't intend to let anything upset me anymore."

Shortly after making this statement, Pool was promptly upset: he fell on a brick sidewalk and fractured his ankle. "I played 12 years of football without a single break," he groaned. "And now this! I hope it's not that old Los Angeles jinx."

Another ingredient in this jinx is the fact that the coaches—Waterfield including—have been and will continue to be at the mercy of five powerful owners—Daniel F.

Reeves, Edwin W. Pauley, Fred Levy, Jr., and James Seley.

Once dynamically impatient, they seem to be mellowing, as witness the five-year stay of Mr. Gillman. In times past, they've been hard to please. Boisterous men like Pool and Stydhar weren't the only ones to be suddenly dumped. Even the gentlemanly Clark Shaughnessy, perhaps football's finest technician, was released after winning the 1949 Western Conference title.

Waterfield has always been a popular hero with the Los Angeles fans. So he should be spared the indignities heaped on his predecessor, Gillman, by the Ram Fan Club and its feminine auxiliary. The ladies were always asking Sid what he had against quarterback Van Brocklin. One day one of the gals asked: "Aren't you jeopardizing Van Brocklin's career by calling his plays for him?"

And the fans were on Gillman all hours of the day for his "neglect" of Wade. Sid found Los Angeles also anti-field goal. ("A Go-for-it town," he called it.) And when he had the Rams kick field goals, his phone was kept busy by critics. Even the newspapers joined the chorus. It got so bad that Gillman stopped reading them for quite a while.

Sid alienated about a third of the Ram fans when he traded the controversial [Continued on page 71]



What it means to be a pro rookie

By ROLLY CHAREST

Last fall Roger Davis of Syracuse was voted college lineman of the year. Today it's a different story. He's just another young guy trying to crack into the National Football League. Roger's big worry—whether he can make it with the Chicago Bears

Roger Davis is a green, raw, untried National Football League rookie. He's going to get shoved, banged, bumped and belted. He'll probably make it but it won't be easy. It never is easy breaking into the National Football League.

How many make it each year? The average is about eight per team, and only three or four of these get to play regularly on the offensive or defensive platoon. The others go in when there's a punt or kick-off.

It's even tougher when you go with a good team like the Chicago Bears. Some big Bear veteran will get Davis in the mess hall at practice this summer and make him stand up and sing the song of his alma mater, Syracuse University. They do this to rookies, too, even when they stand 6 feet three, weigh 240 pounds and make All-America at guard. Roger Davis, in fact, won a trophy as college lineman of the year last year.

He was the Chicago Bears' first draft choice, so that's an encouraging start. And even before he put on a uniform, George Halas, president and coach of the Bears, said of Davis, "He's the type who has everything to become a great pro in the years to come."

That will help, too, unless some Bear veteran thinks Davis is being overpraised and decides to run his face in mud. It's like the time in his rookie year when John Unitas was tackled by Detroit Lions middle guard, Joe Schmidt. Schmidt piled off of Unitas and said, "Better watch it young fella, you're not playing with the Bloomfield Rams now." A refer-

ence to Unitas' brief experience in semi-pro football before the Colts had the foresight to grab him.

This could happen to Davis, too, but he's got other things going for him beside an All-America rating and the endorsement of the guy who pays his checks. He can play defense or offense. He's got exceptional speed. He's got guts (he made five straight tackles against Penn State, Syracuse's toughest foe during an undefeated season). He's got brains, too, close to a B student in college.

In the way of oddity he's also a former All-Scholastic end who went to college and never caught a pass. But he did become everyone's All-America. (AP, UPI, *Look* magazine—they all picked him first team.) "It wasn't my idea to play guard at Syracuse," he says. "The team had a lot of good ends. I had size so they shifted me right away. I never even went out for a pass. Naw, I didn't mind. I'da been a slow end, anyway."

Roger is the rookie who has already beaten the Cleveland Browns once. But it didn't count. It was in the wrong sport—basketball. When you mention the incident, he laughs.

"That was last year. A bunch of us got a team together and played the Browns an exhibition basketball game for charity in my home town, Solon, Ohio. (12 miles from Cleveland, Pop. 5,000.) We killed 'em. I played guard. Who was on their team? Oh, Milt Plum, Bobby Mitchell, 'Big Mo' and 'Little Mo'. They were nice guys. We had a lot of fun."

Roger is easy to talk to. He is friendly and frank and modest. When he was asked what a rookie feels about, what he thinks about, Davis took his time answering.

"Right now, I'm just hoping I play. The Bears plan to use me as an offensive guard," he says.

"That's a fast league. Are you worried at all?"

"I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a little bit. Take the size of the players. In college I was big. Now I'll just be average. 'Course I'm only 21, I could grow."

"Do you think of guys like Big Daddy Lipscomb?"

"That's another thing to worry about. He's awful tough . . . moves real good. One of the fellows who joined the American Football League said he did it so he wouldn't have to play against Big Daddy."

I asked Roger whether he expected to have a few butterflies in that first game. He said, "First game! Heck, the first practice, not the first game!"

This is not unusual. Art Donovan has played pro football for ten years and the big Colt lineman says he still vomits before every game.

But it does mean something signing with the pros. You get a lot of fan mail, people asking for pictures and autographs, says Roger. "Actually the mail first started to come when Syracuse began winning." (Syracuse, Cotton Bowl champ, scored 390 points and allowed only 59 during its ten-game schedule.) "Then more came in after I was picked on the All-America teams. Pretty soon I ran out of pictures. But I always answer every letter, anyway."

"How'd you feel when the Bears drafted you?"

"Well, I had an idea they were going to. They contacted me before and asked me if I'd be interested in playing. They didn't want to pick me if I wasn't going to play. I'm happy to be joining them. They've got one of the better clubs.

"I'm also happy they need someone where I play. That gives me a better chance of making it."

I asked Davis if he had always been a football hero.

"I've been very lucky," he said. "I've never sat on the bench in any sport. In high school I got four letters in football, four in basketball—I played guard there, too—and two in baseball. I was only out for baseball two years. That never riding the bench—I hope it stays that way." [Continued on page 79]



Davis along with John Unitas was honored at many sports banquets. The 240-pounder was the Bears' first draft pick.

Roger (right) with Syracuse teammates was called "Hound Dog" by friends. He led top Syracuse "Sizable Seven" line.





Most publicized AFL acquisition, Billy Cannon, signed with Houston for reported \$30,000 a year, plus various "gifts."

AMERICAN FOOTBALL

No predictions this year. In this brand new league every team has a chance. One thing for sure, though, it'll be interesting

By LEE GREENE

There's something new on the pro football scene this fall. The infant American Football League is ready to challenge the National Football League for gridiron supremacy and the competition promises to be rugged and keen, especially in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco-Oakland and Dallas, where rival teams from each circuit will try to outdo each other for the affection and support of the fans.

The AFL doesn't expect to come up to the overall caliber of the NFL this season, and maybe not by 1961 either. But by the third season the owners are hopeful that their secret ingredient—money—will make the difference. With all of its eight franchises in the hands of wealthy owners, many of them millionaires, the AFL has not skimped in its recruiting of outstanding college graduates,



Johnny Robinson, another LSU grad, goes at halfback for Dallas Texans. Robinson was capable teammate of Cannon's.

LEAGUE PREVIEW

American stars playing in Canada and a handful of NFL standouts.

Many of the rosters are a hodgepodge of has-beens, not-quites and who-hes, but the presence of 14 All-Americans of recent vintage, including seven from the 1959 lists, gives some idea of the quality that the AFL is building on for the future.

Perhaps the most-publicized AFL acquisition is half-back Billy Cannon of Houston, a two-time All-America and Heisman Trophy winner at LSU. As the top draft choice of the Los Angeles Rams of the NFL, he was offered a three-year contract calling for a bonus of \$10,000 to sign, \$10,000 the first year and \$15,000 for each of the next two years—a total of \$40,000. On November 31, 1959, he signed.

No sooner had he returned to the campus at Baton Rouge than K. S. "Bud" Adams, the oil millionaire who owns the Houston franchise in the AFL, called him. His offer: a personal services (not a playing) contract for three years, including a \$10,000 "gift" to Mrs. Cannon and \$30,000 a year to her multi-talented, swift-running husband.

Cannon promptly signed with Houston and no amount of screaming from NFL lawyers is going to keep him from playing there. When the AFL wants a player, they will go high for him, a tendency that is frightening some of the less affluent NFL owners.

Plans have already been announced to set up new franchises in Atlanta and Chicago in 1961. But the big battle this year will be on the gridiron.



Ger Schwedes, Boston Patriots



Ron Burton, Boston Patriots



Richie Lucas, Buffalo Bills

Eastern Division

HOUSTON OILERS The preseason favorite for the division and possibly the league championship, the Oilers could make a creditable showing in the NFL right now. With four All-Americans and a dozen experienced pros lending balanced talents at virtually every position, Houston is easily the strongest AFL team on paper.

George Blanda, the 32-year-old former quarterback and place-kicking star of the Chicago Bears, heads a sizzling backfield that includes Billy Cannon, perhaps the biggest individual gate attraction in the league, and Clemson's Bill Mathis at halfbacks and bruising 220-pound Bob White, a 1958 All-America, at fullback. An alternate quartet of quarterback Jack Lee of Cincinnati, halfbacks Bob Crandall of New Mexico and Gary O'Steen of Alabama, and fullback Doug Cline of Clemson is almost as potent.

Coach Lou Rymkus, who learned the pro game from Paul Brown during his many seasons with the Cleveland Browns, will employ an Open T formation at Houston and hopes to get plenty of scoring punch. He has a quartet of fine pass-catching ends headed by John Carson, a four-year Washington Redskins regular. Buddy Mayfield of South Carolina is another good one.

It is the defense, especially in the middle of the line and in the backfield, that could be the weak link in the Oilers' pipeline. Don Floyd of Texas Christian and Dan Lanphear of Wisconsin, a pair of All-America tackles, are too light for the pros at 230 pounds each and will be converted to defensive ends.

Jim Matheny, a 230-pounder from UCLA with Canadian and NFL service, is a good linebacker and could be the defensive leader. Dudley Meredith, 265, and George Shirkey, 260, are a couple of big boys with pro experience.

Mark Johnston and Tony Banfield are the best of the defensive backs.

Don Hitt, a 230-pounder from Oklahoma State centers an offensive line of unknown quality although Bill Roach, 248, and Hogan Wharton, 250, look like the best bets.

BUFFALO BILLS Coach, Buster Ramsey likes a wide-open offense and it looks like he'll have his way at Buffalo. He has a solid ball club.

Tommy O'Connell, Otto Graham's successor with the Cleveland Browns and the NFL passing leader in 1957, has given up a coaching job to resume active duty at the age of 29. If he can handle the job, Ramsey may move All-America Richie Lucas from quarterback to halfback. Richie is an excellent runner and defensive back.

If Lucas goes to halfback, he would team with Elbert Dubenion, a 190-pound swifty with Canadian experience, who can do the 100 in 9.5 seconds. Maurice Bassett, a 220-pounder who was the Browns' fullback until Jim Brown came along, is ready for a comeback at 28, but may have his hands full beating out Merlin Priddy, 205, of Texas Christian, a star in last year's Copper Bowl game.

Tom Rychlec and Dick Brubaker shape up as the top pass-catching ends, while 255-pound Dan McGrew of Purdue will center a line that includes giants Chuck McMurtry of Whittier, 310, and Bob Sedlock of Georgia Tech, 297, along with the more conventionally proportioned Harold Olson, a 240-pounder from Clemson.

Coach Ramsey, who was defensive coach of the Detroit Lions for seven years, already has the makings of the league's best defensive backfield in halfbacks Billy Kinard and Bill Atkins, both NFL veterans. Ray Moss, 205, from Tennessee, is a top linebacking candidate.

It is at tackle that Ramsey will have his biggest job, with both quantity and quality short. McMurtry and



Don Floyd, Houston Oilers



Larry Grantham, New York Titans



Jack Spikes, Dallas Texans

either Sedlock or Jim Sorey, 270, of Texas Southern, head the defensive prospects, while Olson and Joe Schaffer, a smallish 210 from Tennessee, could be the offensive pair. Birtho Arnold, an Ohio State product who can match McMurtry's 310 pounds, could help solve the problem.

BOSTON PATRIOTS The dark horse of the division, Boston could go all the way to the league championship if their starters hold up. But a weak bench will hurt them if any injuries set in.

General Manager Ed McKeever and Player Personnel Manager Mike Holovak have provided Coach Lou Saban with excellent "down-the-middle" strength. Walt Cudzik, 226, gives them an excellent center and linebacker. At quarterback, Tommy Greene, a local favorite from Holy Cross, will be fighting it out with All-America Harvey White of Clemson, a tall 210-pounder who compiled a 50.4 percent completion record in his three years of college.

Completing the "down-the-middle" list is fullback, where Saban can take his pick of Alan Cann of Syracuse, 217, Bill Larson of Western Illinois, 190, Wilber Lofton of Georgia, 195, and Jim Redinger of Purdue, 208.

The Patriots have signed up six recent graduates of Syracuse, and the best of them is All-America halfback Ger Schwedes, star of last year's Cotton Bowl game and an all-around threat who can run, pass and receive. Last season he scored 100 points and averaged 6.3 yards per carry in 90 tries. He and Ron Burton, the Northwestern All-America who broke Otto Graham's old college records, give the Patriots an excellent running attack to go with the Greene-White passing battery.

A couple of good pass-catching ends are John Stillwell of Northwestern and Don Norwood of LSU, with former Holy Cross All-America Bob Dee ready to try again after a season of coaching.

In the line, the Patriots are thin but capable. Bob Yates, a 230-pound tackle from Syracuse, Gordie Holz, a 270-pound tackle from Minnesota, and Tony Sardisco, a veteran 220-pound linebacker from Tulane, shape up as key figures. Frank Wydo, a 34-year-old campaigner with 11 NFL seasons under his belt, will try again at tackle.

NEW YORK TITANS The consensus of opinion is that Coach Sam Baugh, the old Washington Redskins' immortal, doesn't have the horses to win a championship in 1960. But if he can come up with a quarterback to help balance what promises to be a strong running game, the Titans could make life miserable for their AFL opponents, and maybe even steal some of the thunder from their NFL rivals, the Giants.

General Manager Steve Sebo, a capable coach in his own right, has the makings of a good running backfield ready for Baugh. Ted Wegert, formerly of the Philadelphia Eagles, and rookie Blanche Martin, a 195-pounder from Michigan State, are the halfbacks, although Martin could go to fullback if Fran Rogel, an eight-year Pittsburgh Steeler regular, fails in a comeback at 32. Avatus Stone, who has been starring in Canada, is available at halfback.

The big search is on at quarterback, where Baugh has four good but not exceptional candidates. Bob Colburn, a rookie from Bowling Green, where he was Little All-America, and Tom Dimitroff, a fine long-ball thrower from Miami (Ohio) have the inside track. Ken "Model T" Ford, who won the national passing title for Baugh at Hardin-Simmons, and Frank Kremblas, from Ohio State, are also on hand.

If Baugh can find a thrower, the catchers are there. John Bredice of Boston University, Pete Abadie of Tulane, Larry Grantham of Mississippi and huge John "Thunder" Lewis of Michigan State are all top-grade receivers.



Marvin Terrell, Dallas Texans

Frank Tripucka, Denver Broncos



Frank Bernardi, Denver Broncos

Al Goldstein, Oakland Raiders



The Titans' line is five question marks. About the best bets for starting berths are center Mike Hudock of Miami (Florida), 245, tackle Tom Saidock of Michigan State and the Eagles, 265, linebacker John McMullan of Notre Dame, 240, and guards Nick Patella, of Wake Forest, 215, and Bob Mischak, 240, of Army. Mischak was a Giants' regular in 1958.

Western Division

LOS ANGELES CHARGERS The Chargers, who will be using the same Los Angeles Coliseum gridiron as the Rams of the NFL, and who will be coached by Sid Gillman, the Rams' coach of a year ago, are squarely on the spot in one of pro football's hotbeds. And Gillman, a controversial figure during his tenure with the Rams, would like nothing better than to grab the spotlight. The Chargers, heavily staffed with good West Coast players, have what it takes.

Two of his players, end-halfback Ron Waller and defensive end Glenn Holtzman, simply changed uniforms and switched from the Rams to the Chargers. Both will see plenty of action. At quarterback, the Chargers have Jack Kemp, a Little All-America at Occidental, but they could use another good one. Bob Laraba, a whiz at little Texas Western a few years ago, may surprise, however.

The big man in the Chargers' backfield is Charley Flowers, the 208-pound All-America fullback from Mississippi. Like Cannon at Houston, Flowers made the mistake of signing with the NFL before seeing how much the AFL would pay, causing no end of name-calling and legal complications.

Billy Wells, the former Michigan State All-America, and Waller are the leading halfback candidates, with Ed Zeman of Wisconsin a strong contender.

At the ends, Waller and Henry Hair, a 220-pounder from Georgia, are the top receivers. Chuck Griffith, a 6-8, 250-pound former USC star, is also available. Defensively, Holtzman could team with 250-pound Bob Reifsnnyder, an All-America tackle at Navy. "Reef" is fast despite his size.

Gillman can use a few more big linemen, but Reifsnnyder and Ron Mix, a 233-pound USC tackle who was the Baltimore Colts' No. 1 draft choice last winter, give him a head start. Frank Geremia of Notre Dame, 252, is a solid tackle, while 225-pound Orlando Ferrante of USC is a top guard with pro experience. Ronnie Loudd is a 220-pound linebacking specialist from UCLA while 6-5, 300-pound Joe Amstutz of Indiana leads the center candidates.

DALLAS TEXANS A year ago, Dallas had no pro football team, but this season it has two—the Texans of the AFL and the Cowboys of the NFL. Both will play in the spacious Cotton Bowl.

Coach Hank Stram, who is making his debut in pro ranks after producing great backfields at Purdue, SMU, Notre Dame and Miami, has stressed the importance of balance and hopes to blend offensive and defensive strength for maximum results.

The biggest gun in the Texans' backfield is Jack Spikes, a 210-pound fullback who has been called the best in TCU history. He is expected to be a big drawing card.

At quarterback, the Texans will go with Dick Jamieson, a Bradley Little All-America and understudy to the Baltimore Colts' Johnny Unitas a year ago. Cotton Davidson, formerly of Baylor, Baltimore and the Canadian leagues, is a veteran replacement.

There are a half-dozen fine halfbacks on the roster, with Abner Haynes, a breakaway specialist from North Texas State, Johnny Robinson of LSU and Jim Swink, the TCU All-America slightly ahead of the others.

Chris Burford, a 6-3, 198-pound All-America from Stanford is the best offensive end, while rugged NFL veteran Paul Miller is equally effective as a defensive end or line-backer.

From tackle to tackle, the Texans have weight and pro experience in tackle Ray Collins, 248, linebacker Bill Svoboda, 225, and guards Jerry Cornelison, 244, and Bill Krisher, 230. Marvin Terrell, a 235-pound guard and linebacker from Mississippi, may be the only non-pro to earn a starting job up front.

DENVER BRONCOS Loaded with a couple of dozen players who have had pro experience, the Broncos are the dark horses of the Western Division. And if Coach Frank Filchock's unorthodox offense works, Denver should win its share.

The key man in Filchock's variation of the winged T is quarterback Frank Tripucka, the 29-year-old ex-Notre Dame star who has been playing great ball in Canada. He will have plenty of targets to shoot at since the Filchock system calls for both ends and halfbacks to play on the flanks, with two fullbacks to handle the running attack.

Al Carmichael, another 29-year-old NFL alumnus, and Bob Stransky of Colorado are the leading halfbacks, while ends Bill Cain of Kentucky and Tom Pearson of Oklahoma provide two more pairs of pass-snagging hands at the ends.

Fullback John Brodnax, 208, of LSU is a capable pro newcomer backed up by Don Allen of Texas and Al Day of Eastern Michigan.

In the line, the Broncos are strong at the tackles with 245-pound Bill Danenhauer, 255-pound Willie Smith and 255-pound Don King available. Larry Cundiff, a 240-pound center from Michigan State, has the edge over Don Karnosak, 220, of Colorado. Ken Adamson, a 215-pounder from Notre Dame, leads the guard prospects.

The Broncos may be weak on pass defense, with only one solid defensive halfback, Frank Bernardi, on hand. Darryl Rogers of Fresno State has had some pro experience, and Filchock intends to work hard with Gene Mingo of Navy and Jack Work of Denver.

OAKLAND RAIDERS A late addition to the league, after Minneapolis dropped out, Oakland missed the first AFL draft session and had to rely on players supplied by the other seven teams. They selected well, thanks to the astute estimates of Coach Eddie Erdelatz, and if they can scare up enough players to fill in the blank spots, Oakland could win a few. But with their heavy handicap, it will be surprising if the Raiders can put together a title contender.

Erdelatz, who produced such finished teams at Navy a few years back, has promised Oakland and San Francisco fans (the Raiders will play their games in Kezar Stadium) a wide-open passing game. He intends to use three fine passers in the same backfield, and all of them will be throwing the ball.

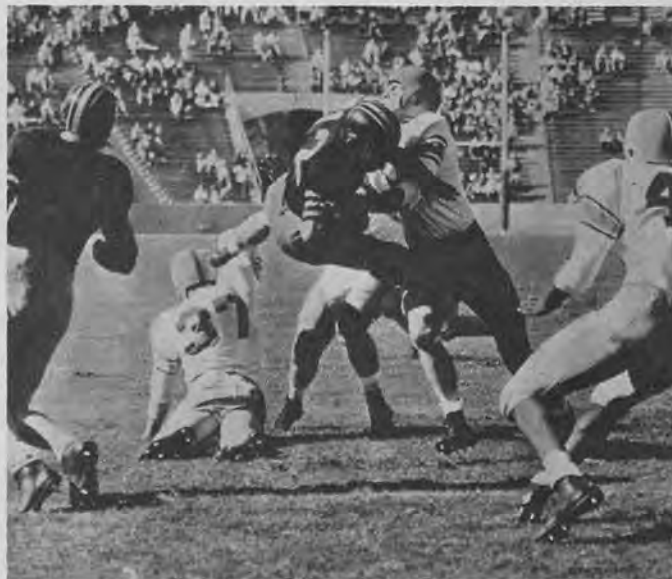
The quarterback will be Paul Larson, the former California star who has played with the Chicago Cardinals. Tony Teresa of San Jose State and Wayne Crow of California, the halfbacks, are both accomplished passers.

Their targets are three excellent pass-catching ends. Ron Beagle of Navy and Al Goldstein of North Carolina were both All-Americans while Gene Prebola of Boston University has the size and speed to be the best of the trio.

Oddly, Oakland is probably the only team in the AFL where the defense is definitely superior to the offense. Erdelatz gambled and went heavily for linemen when the other teams opened their rosters to him. He got some good ones.

Bob Dougherty, 235, Hanson Churchwell, 255, Bill Boykin, 245, Bob Nelson, 245, Ramon Armstrong, 225, and Chris Plain, 265, give the Raiders an excellent forward wall. Dougherty, a 26-year-old former Kentucky and Pittsburgh Steelers' standout, could be the league's best linebacker.

In the backfield, Marv Lasater of TCU and Billy Lott of Mississippi provide Oakland with a pair of fine defensive backs.



Coming out of retirement is Paul Larson, who played quarterback for California and the Chicago Cards.



Ken Ford, New York Titans

Maurice Bassett was Browns' fullback until Jimmy Brown came along. Now he tries with Buffalo.



ACTION

Why has pro football
become the fastest-growing
spectator sport in the country?
These pictures give the answer

Ram end Leon Clarke and 49er defender Dave Baker leap for a Billy Wade pass. Who got it? Abe Woodson of the 49ers.



Giant halfback Alex Webster hasn't got a chance, not against four beefy Skins.





Blazing Ram halfback Jon Arnett tears through the San Francisco defenses to pick up 12 yards in game against the 49ers.

Eagles quarterback Norm Van Brocklin gets the kick away despite efforts of Giant rusher Andy Robustelli (No. 81).



I'll Never Get Punchy

[Continued from page 12]

some of the games. It was just an experiment, supposed to heat up the muscles, get you loose faster. I didn't think it helped and I quit using it after a couple of weeks.

One thing that does help in avoiding injuries of the muscle variety is a good loosening up before the game. I never neglect a series of stretching exercises. As well as avoiding pulls you are able to go at top speed from the very start of the game. I know some players who work out the aches and pains during the game itself. That's not for me. I want to be ready and able to go all out from the very beginning.

Some of the best opportunities present themselves in the first moments. You may surprise the other fellows with something a little different. That's when a runner has to be able to take advantage of the break. I've never made a study of it but I would guess that a good number of my long runs have come early in the first quarter.

Another thing people have asked me about this game is whether I've been disappointed with pro football and with my club, the Browns.

I haven't been disappointed in the pro game. It's been a challenge and I've enjoyed it. But I do feel that the emotional factor could be emphasized more with the Browns. Sometimes I sense that things are too cold and me-

that's true. Most likely I am one of the game's higher paid players. I say this, though. There is nothing you get out of football that you don't put into it. In my case I have to roll up yardage and score touchdowns to earn that salary. If I hadn't produced I wouldn't be paid as much. I figure the money from commercials and endorsements as part of my regular football income.

Don't get the idea that I don't enjoy the game or that it's just a financial proposition with me. I've always liked all kinds of sports and particularly football. If I weren't playing with the Browns or in a pro league you'd probably find me on some sandlot team weekends.

Now football is both pleasure and business with me. I'm thinking about the future when I'm finished playing. I guess you would say my outlook is getting more mature. I'm keeping my wife Sue and our twins—Kevin and Kim—in mind when I make financial decisions.

I certainly am convinced that a college education is more important than the football. Any player who goes through school just playing football and not getting the education is only fooling himself.

It's true, that football can get a player a start in business. If you're a salesman it may mean entree to a few places. Some people like to meet a fellow they read about. After that the selling still has to be done. That's where education becomes important.

I was reading the other day about Bill George and old Bulldog Turner, both of the Chicago Bears. This fellow wrote that both of them were doing well as paid that they would the job if they never . In fact, some of were unaware that

now my business like finished my second Cola Company. First the time in training ng. I've done pro- w am branching into and think the future

possible that I'm in the Browns. I well st day in 1957 when t time at the Hiram mp in Ohio. I was ew weeks ago when

Chicago and spent after the College All d. I was unhappy at worked out in that r to get started with

ces at Northwestern ck most of the time. the game briefly I was eager to get out

te good in pro foot- be absolutely sure. otball players have I would have catch- ne Browns.

back right away and

played in an exhibition game the week after I arrived. I guess I'll remember that game forever even though it was an exhibition.

The draw play was called early and I got loose for a long run and a touchdown. Coach gave me a pat on the back and had a word of praise when I came back to the bench.

It made me feel real good. I figured then I would make the team. I still say there is a very thin line between those who do and those who don't.

Every season you start almost from scratch in this pro football. The caliber of the players is so good you can't relax. If some rookie isn't pressing you there always is the challenge of self improvement.

We do quite a bit of work on fundamentals with the Browns and I like that. A refresher course is good in any business. I like the way things are organized and planned, too. You always know what you are going to do and how long you'll be doing it.

I hope I can help some of the rookies on a few things. Old timers certainly aided me the first season. Ed Modzelewski and Lenny Ford were tops. Lenny showed me the ropes when I first joined the team. I guess you'd say he steered me. Told me what to do and how to handle certain situations.

Mo has helped right along. I'll miss him this season. His attitude was wonderful even though we were working at the same position. He wanted to play but never held back any tips or information. His attitude was "I'll battle with the boss to play more but you and I can be friends and I'll help you, anyway." Mo is a good example of a class ballplayer. He's that way on and off the field. He'll do all right when he finishes with football, too.

Caliber of football in the National League is terrific. Folks ask me to name the tough defensive players and it isn't easy to single them out. The four that I remember with pain are Joe Schmidt of the Lions, Sam Huff of the Giants, Gino Marchetti of the Colts and his teammate—Big Daddy Lipscomb.

All four can hit you hard and still make the sure tackle. That sure tackle is the important thing. Some tacklers can hit and hurt, maybe knock you back four or five yards. Next play they'll miss completely. You hurt a runner most by keeping him from getting that yardage.

It's true you get hit hard in this pro football but it's not as rough as you might think. I try to keep my temper under control at all times. Anybody who throws blows during a game is silly. You won't find many of the top players in on the fighting. A football field is not the place for it.

It's early to predict what kind of team the Browns will have and how the league will shape up. We have plenty of veterans back and some good rookies. That's the case with just about all the teams.

All I can say is I'll be doing my best—and not counting how many times I carry the football.



immortals, gives the ried-in-battle lead-strong identifica- NFL championship

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v up in the fertile Despite the charm till found time to Van Nuys High 't burst fully on 1942 when he be a quarterback at

Rams' third-round e" in April of 1944

hero of Ram General Manager Pete Rozelle when both attended the University of San Francisco. But Matson never did play up to his potential.

Kicked out at season's end, Gillman landed squarely on his feet as coach of the well-heeled Chargers of the new American Football League. Young Rozelle also moved up, about as high as you can go in pro football—replacing Bert Bell as commissioner of the NFL.

Coming in to replace Rozelle is Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch, who used to catch Waterfield's passes. The return of Hirsch

while he was still in military service. After completing his college career in 1944, Bob went into the East-West Shrine game and set some fantastic punting records which still stand.

In his rookie year (1945) with the Rams in Cleveland, he not only led the team to its first winning season since it joined the NFL in 1937 but also to its first world championship. His passes to Jim Benton and his patent bootleg play breathed new life into both NFL competition and the box office. He was unanimously named the league's most

valuable player, an official award now abandoned.

Waterfield, better known as "Buckets," was as fine an all-around player as the NFL ever saw. He was a great passer, punter, place-kicker and just as terrific on defense. Icy in the clutch, he inspired his teammates to play beyond themselves. When he entered the huddle, all was quiet with respect and confidence.

In the eight Waterfield years the Rams won the Western title four times, the NFL championship twice and finished in a first place tie once. In 1952, his last season, Waterfield was named by the Official NFL Football Encyclopedia to the quarterback slot on its all-time NFL team.

His career production of 573 points is an all time Ram record as are his marks for the most field goals in his career (60), most field goals for one game (five), most points after touchdown for one season (54), most PATs for career (315) and PATs in one game (nine). All but the first two are NFL records as well.

Can Waterfield rout the L.A. jinx, return the Rams to the glory that was theirs in his playing days? A lot of seasoned observers think he can, if not this year then possibly next. Waterfield? He ain't talking. When a friend recently asked Bob, now 39, about his scoring records, he shrugged.

"I think you miss the real point," he said. "All this no longer counts. The only thing that matters now are the number of games we win THIS season."

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How BIG DADDY Made It Big

[Continued from page 54]

dark face twisted in a complacent, triumphant smirk.

And who was that enormous lout who whacked me with such sullen vigor and then rubbed it in by reminding me I wasn't going anywhere? It was none other than Big Daddy Lipscomb. Only I had no idea who he was at the time, despite his loud boastful station identification.

On the Sunday this happened I wouldn't have forecast Daddy would ever become a friend of mine—and a real football player as well. But then, why should I? I don't suppose Daddy would have forecast it either.

Yet both those events have since come to pass. Daddy is a friend, one of the closest friends I have. As for his football, he happens to be the outstanding inner lineman in the game these days. No matter what a few partisan critics devoted to some other players might say, make no mistake about his brutal skill.

Of all the many inner linemen who earn a living clawing down enemy ball-carriers in America, Canada or Lower Slobovia, nobody but nobody plays the game with the same thundering success as Big Daddy, which is one of the biggest reasons why the Baltimore Colts are flying two consecutive world's championship flags.

An exaggeration? Not at all. The various honors heaped on Daddy by civilians and fellow players alike bulwark that evaluation. Although a full list is much too long to enumerate, he has been named all-division, all-league, lineman of the year, even most valuable lineman in the Pro Bowl game.

But probably the most significant testimonials to Daddy come from ball-carriers around the National League, who live in fear of his crashing boisterous play. Late last season, for example, a hardrock halfback with one of the Western Division clubs told me what he thought of football's premier lineman. He spoke in awe, I swear.

"If football fans knew how great Daddy Lipscomb really is they wouldn't believe it," he said. "I've been playing against him for three years now and I still can't believe it myself."

With only slight variation most other ball-packers around the league echo that same sentiment. Well, why shouldn't they? They're the blokes who get the lumps trying to escape Daddy's brutal unlovable embrace every Sunday each autumn.

In a pivotal game against San Francisco in Baltimore last season Daddy rose to play-wrecking heights. On three consecutive plays he made the tackle far behind enemy lines. All San Francisco had to show for the series, along with assorted bumps and bruises, was a net loss of 19 yards.

Even the most dramatic single defensive play of the long triumphant 1959

season had Big Daddy written all over it, although the Colt defensive unit—the best in pro football—certainly made it a group effort.

In the championship game with the New York Giants a key play developed in the last quarter with the Giants still ahead 9-7. Moving, moving, moving up the field toward what conceivably might have been a winning score, the Giants bogged down on the Colt 35, fourth down and approximately 18 inches to go. In the concrete stands fans tensed for the next play.

On that crucial, critical fourth-down play Giant halfback Alex Webster flung himself against a stacked Colt line. Not only did he fail to get the necessary distance, but Webster gained less than twelve inches on a play that doomed his team to another second-best.

And while that was, typically, a team defense for the Colts, who had the biggest piece of Webster in his big taped hands when the referee finished sorting the bodies? To the surprise of virtually nobody, Big Daddy, that's who. It could only be he.

Following the game a sportswriter came over to interview Daddy in the locker room. Dripping wet from a shower, standing naked in front of his locker, his face opened in a wide, contented grin, Daddy listened while the writer asked why he was whacking Webster and the other Giant backs with what seemed to be unseemly vigor—even for crazy old Daddy.

"I'm a big bully," Daddy laughed. "Seriously, any ball-carrier moving my direction is trying to take the bread out of my mouth. I can't ever let that happen."

There are signs that Daddy is aware of his high status himself, although he's still surprisingly modest about it. On the eve of the Pro Bowl game in January, I got to barbering with him over a bowl of chili.

"Think you'll do much tomorrow?" I asked.

"I'll win most valuable lineman," Daddy said.

"No you won't. You're getting too soft."

"A steak dinner says I win it."

"All right. A steak dinner says you don't."

The steaks were something, red in the middle, nicely crisp on the outside, covered with mushrooms, accompanied by green salad, vegetables, jumbo baked potatoes. Daddy finished his first, went to work on another. But since I sponsored the feast, and at \$7 a plate, my own steak tasted suspiciously like crow.

Yet Daddy was consistently awesome throughout the season. Week after week he wooshed in to jolt the quarterback, smashed down halfbacks wheeling wide, jammed through to stun the fullback before he worked up a good head of steam, moved laterally to make tackles clear on the other side of the field, kept the pressure on any time the opposition had the ball. At times it must have seemed as if Big Daddy was everywhere.

At six feet six inches and somewhere between 280 and 300 pounds, of course,

Daddy does cover considerable ground. Daddy is apt to discuss those vast dimensions in various ways.

"I'm five feet eighteen inches," he tells people who ask, or "I'm the world's tallest midget."

For a long time some people considered Daddy an overgrown freak—and nothing more. The fact is he isn't really that overgrown, not for pro ball. Any number of other players in the NFL are almost as big, 260, 270, even 275, and at least three or four were slightly heavier. There's a lot of beef in this league.

What makes Daddy so incredibly good isn't his size alone, although God knows that doesn't hurt, but his speed and reflexes. Of all the truly big men in football, Daddy is by far the fastest. In wind sprints he often beats the halfbacks after he gets that big body moving.

But for all his hulking size and power, Daddy had a lot of growing up to do after Baltimore claimed him on waivers from the Rams in 1956. He just wasn't an outstanding football player at the time, although his potential was plainly there for everyone to see.

Back in his Los Angeles days, Daddy was known for other things. I won't say he was irresponsible, but surely he wasn't the most disciplined and orderly soul wearing shoulder pads. Among other things, Daddy didn't read the clock very well during the season. Often he'd stay up long past the hour the coach had fixed as the club's bed time, and he drank some then too.

Caught up in a fast crowd, ignored by many of his own Ram teammates, an orphan from a dirt-poor Detroit family, without any college experience, Daddy didn't seem to care much.

The day his first wife was awarded their car in a divorce action, Daddy decided that she didn't deserve it. He poured sugar in the gas tank so it wouldn't run, then did a little running himself.

But it wasn't long before he realized Baltimore offered him a bright new chance. Daddy didn't improve all at once. It took a while. And maybe it took a few loud words every so often.

I remember one game in those early years when Daddy had been mouse-trapped most of the afternoon. They'd trap Daddy, wham, then drive a ball-carrier through the empty hole for real distance. Daddy knew those ambushes helped cost us the game.

Yet there he was in The Sphinx Club that same night, his face still sore and lumpy, his arms stiff and swollen, a line of drinks in front of him on the bar. I told him he should have paid his way into the game. Daddy was astonished.

"I thought you were my friend," he said.

"Well, I thought you were a football player," I said.

Things became slightly more heated. Daddy has since told me he would have swung on me if I'd been six inches taller. Six inches? At five feet five inches I don't suppose those extra six inches would have helped much, not when I get a stiff neck just looking up at Daddy.

But things changed. Daddy went into real training, worked out even between

seasons, learned how to keep his tail down on the initial charge. Soon Don Joyce was switched to defensive end, and Daddy found himself a regular. He got better every game, and he's still improving.

By the end of the 1957 season even Coach Weeb Ewbank was enthralled by Daddy's rousing play. Weeb, who's addicted to home movies of the team, wisely grades his squad on the basis of their blocks and tackles. His scorecard showed that Daddy had participated in more than 60 percent of every tackle when he was in the game throughout the season.

The next year the Colts won the world's championship, and the next year too. Baltimore had reached the top, and so had Daddy. The one probably couldn't have done it without the other.

With all Daddy's celebrity came a fumbling sense of inadequacy, which may have been inevitable. As his reputation as a football player spread, Daddy was invited to attend any number of dinners and testimonials sponsored by high schools, colleges, youth groups, civic clubs, even religious and political organizations. The more he saw of the strange new world out beyond the locker room and—let's be frank—his own poorboy Negro background, the more Daddy felt out of place.

It wasn't simply the subtle art of the fish fork. Time after time Daddy realized that his table manners weren't all they might be, and that he had little gift for normal smalltalk, and that many other social graces were beyond him. Nobody had ever taught Daddy the signals.

To his everlasting credit, Eugene Lipscomb, the human being, did something more than recognize those flaws. He also decided to do something about them. Last fall Daddy laid a big muscular paw on my shoulder and told me he wanted to have a serious talk. We talked for almost an hour.

What Daddy wondered was whether my wife Geraldine and I would teach him some of these things he'd never learned. Would we? I couldn't have been more touched that he asked. To facilitate things, Daddy moved into our house for the whole season, which pleased our children immensely, too.

Nearly every night we helped Daddy work on himself. Since the kids wanted to help out too, we made it into sort of a family game. When Daddy did something wrong, we'd correct him.

On a tape recorder he carefully listened to the sound of his own voice. He recorded introductions, compliments, thank-yous and assorted small talk. He learned to stand up when women came into a room, to hold out chairs for women, to excuse himself when he crossed in front of someone.

No matter how tedious some of this may have seemed, Daddy never complained. What's more, he improved beyond any expectation. Always a decent and considerate person anyway, Daddy took to various social graces naturally and with easy humor.

To an outsider the pattern of Daddy's Sundays might have seemed disjointed. In the afternoon he pulled on his uni-

form and whacked rival ball-carriers with terrible violence. In the evening he'd move around our dining room practicing seating the ladies.

Yet Daddy learned everything he set out to learn, and maybe a little more. He's not as polished as The Continental, but who is? Anyone who saw Daddy stand up and make a political speech for Senator John Kennedy in Milwaukee or charm an elderly club woman in Detroit last spring would know why my family and I are proud to have helped some.

Whether spectators realize it or not, Daddy's manners on the field have improved considerably too. This is not to say that he is any softer, or slower, or less menacing when a rival halfback gets to moving his way. He isn't.

But now that Daddy has matured enough to appreciate his past follies, he's a different fellow during the game. It might not make them feel any better, but Daddy has even taken to helping the rival he's just racked up back on his feet. Often he'll have a few kind words to say to them too.

"That was a nice run," Daddy commented one game last year, after he had first fallen all over San Francisco's Joe Perry and then assisted him back to his feet. Perry had gained a total of three yards.

There was a time when Daddy didn't have much of anything civilized to say to the enemy. In addition to my first memorable meeting, when he sounded off after almost tearing me in half, Daddy frequently uttered all manner of profanities. He has a richly imaginative tongue.

I'm no armchair analyst, and I don't pretend to be, but obviously Daddy's terrible burden of insecurity contributed to that. Around the league other players spoke of his loud mouth and his rough, tough edge-of-the-rules approach to football.

In those wild old days before Daddy got his growth he didn't always keep his elbows and fists where they belonged. I remember a game in 1955 when he was still with Los Angeles and hit one of our Baltimore halfbacks a terrible shot on the sidelines. Coach Ewbank angrily yelled at Daddy.

"You come out here, I'll hit you too," Daddy replied with some warmth.

With his boiling anger under control for good, and new assurance and dignity, Daddy has put an end to the whisper that he's a dirty player. He's not a dirty player—not any more, at least—and the players themselves know it.

Daddy deserves all his many honors. All-league tackle, lineman of the year, Pro Bowl star and now a lively money-maker on the wrestling circuit between seasons, Daddy has gained virtually everything he wants—and never lost that zany gift to loosen his teammates with a laugh as well.

As you can guess, I'm impressed by my good friend Big Daddy Lipscomb and not only because he's the outstanding tackle in football. I'm also impressed because Daddy had the longest road to travel to get there. And I can't ever forget that for all the laughs, there weren't really many sign posts to mark the way for him.

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The Battle of the Texas Millionaires

[Continued from page 21]

players from the other 12 clubs of the NFL—and they mapped a 5-year plan. The club will be called the Cowboys. It started out as the Rangers but there was too much confusion. Dallas has a professional baseball club in the American Association carrying that nomenclature.

Lamar Hunt, a very, very rich young man who, like Wynne, was a frustrated football player (he was a substitute at Southern Methodist and learned the game sitting on the bench), also wanted in the pro game. He made a gallant effort to buy a franchise in the NFL. He says he was told there would be no expansion of that circuit for several years, if at all.

Hunt was so determined to have a club that he organized his own league. The American Football League encompasses eight cities today, three of them in competition with the NFL. Hunt, of course, will operate the Dallas franchise while serving as president of the league.

It wasn't long after Hunt made his move that the NFL announced plans for expansion to take in Dallas.

Hunt bellowed that the NFL was trying to sabotage his league by striking at its heart—Dallas. The NFL countered that it had planned to expand for a long time and that plans had just now jelled. The AFL was one to talk anyway, said the NFL. It was furnishing competition to the NFL in New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

The legal aspects have been drawn into the fight. The AFL hinted darkly that the NFL was violating the anti-trust laws dealing with the stifling of competition. It even took the matter up with the Justice Department.

Lawyers have been scurrying around all the time examining the technicalities and legalities. It prompted one sportswriter to remark in his column that they should at least put numbers on the lawyers and have them sit on the bench "so everybody can see who is masterminding the teams."

Undaunted by the fact that Dallas' first pro club failed while bearing the name "Texans," Hunt is going to call his team the same. "It's just an applicable name," he explains. Moreover, he doesn't think a name has anything to do with failure. There are a lot of fellows named Morgan. Some never made it but J. P. did pretty good.

A franchise in the AFL costs \$50,000. It'll be cheaper for Hunt to operate than Wynne and Murchison, who had to cough up twice as much as the old Texans lost just to get into the league.

Hunt's players will be largely rookies but that won't mean he'll have less chance of winning than Wynne and Murchison. In fact, he'll have a much better chance because the entire league is like that since it's new. Hunt can start out with the knowledge that he'll be competing on an equal basis. Wynne and Murchison have no such assurance. They

know they face a tough situation. Their club will be playing against the greatest in football. Confidentially, those interested in the Cowboys will tell you they'll be delighted to win one game the first year.

But the Cowboy management also thinks that the opposition will have something to do with bringing out the crowds. Such names as Johnny Unitas, Alan Ameche, Bobby Layne, Big Daddy Lipscomb, Ray Berry, Charlie Conerly, Lou Groza, Y. A. Tittle, Del Shofner and John Crow will have a definite effect on the turnstiles even though the Cowboys are taking beatings.

There are few names of great import on the Texans. They don't even have Don Meredith, the magic name of Southwestern football. The Cowboys signed up Meredith before they even were in the league.

Tex Schramm, a shrewd operator in professional football—he was general manager of the Los Angeles Rams for five years—thinks the big names will offset the losses. Hunt doesn't agree with that, but then Hunt is just getting into pro football and doesn't know all the angles. He might be sizing it up wrong.

Schramm is general manager of the Cowboys. He exudes confidence that pro football will catch on immediately in Dallas. He admits that it will take some time to build it up into a supreme attraction but says "It's the coming sport and its success is inevitable. We are thinking in terms of five years and are prepared to lose money while doing it. That was the weakness of the old Texans—they never expected to lose money and couldn't stand to do it when they did."

Schramm, a 40-year-old Texan, has confidence in his native state and figures the field around Dallas is big enough to support two professional clubs. He says the Cowboys will need to draw 40,000 per game in order to break even financially. And he thinks that many will be in the stands.

Hunt figures he can get by with 28,000 to 30,000 per game. But regardless of whether his team draws he plans to operate at least four years. "I expect to be on a sustaining basis in the fourth year," he says. This means Hunt anticipates that he'll lose money for three seasons.

But, he adds, even if he should lose money the fourth year it would not mean that he would quit. "You know the franchise is going to be worth a lot by then, so you wouldn't actually be losing much anyway," he explains emphatically, if a little vaguely.

Hunt got a professional football club for Dallas because "I was interested in football, was civic-minded and wanted to obliterate the shame of the last one." Hunt, too, was not invited to participate in the old Texans. The main reason was that Hunt was only about 19 years old then and was interested in playing football himself rather than paying somebody else to play it.

Hunt believes a winning team is necessary to draw and he's confident his team will win a fair share. He's going to spend a million dollars a year trying to get a winning team together. That's what the

son of H. L. Hunt, known as one of the world's richest men, says it will cost to operate his team.

That's the same figure Schramm stipulated in estimating what the Cowboys would be out annually.

Schramm admits that his club is starting under handicaps. "There is no question but that the AFL club here has the public sympathy," he observes. "It is an underdog role and the people usually go with the underdog."

But he obviously doesn't think that will last long, particularly if his team offers a better attraction. The sentiment of the public can be quite fickle.

"Of course," Schramm says, "you are guessing when you say it is a one-team town. You just can't judge this situation on a population basis. If you did what would you say about Green Bay? That town wouldn't be big enough for one team. But it is doing quite well with one."

The NFL asked the obvious question: if the AFL thought it was unfair competition for the NFL to put a club in Dallas why did it put competing clubs in New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco (the latter through Oakland, which will use a stadium in San Francisco)? The AFL answer was that New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco were large enough to support two clubs, Dallas was not.

When the NFL first announced it planned expansion by putting a team into Dallas, the question arose: Why don't Hunt and Murchison and Wynne merge their interests and have one club?

Hunt says Wynne and Murchison proposed that he withdraw from the AFL and join them. But, by that time, Hunt said he already had made too many commitments. "I couldn't pull out on my colleagues," he explains.

Hunt also said that the NFL, through its expansion chairman, George Halas, owner of the Chicago Bears, made overtures, suggesting that Dallas and Houston be added to the NFL this year and Minneapolis and Buffalo in 1961. That obviously would wipe out the AFL since only Los Angeles, New York and Denver would be left of the original membership. At that time there were only seven members of the AFL. Boston and Oakland were added later, with Minneapolis being dropped because of competition from the NFL.

Hunt said he turned it down because he didn't want to knock the other cities out of pro football.

Halas had a slightly different version. He said Hunt wanted to know if the NFL would take in six teams. "I told him that was too many," added Halas. That indicated that Halas would have been interested in taking in Houston and Dallas.

Hunt admits that the Cowboys' opposition with its big names will prove an attraction but he doesn't think it would stand up long if the Cowboys took some hefty beatings. "It would be just for the first time around," declares the owner of the Texans.

Hunt jumped in and got a lease on the Cotton Bowl as soon as he could. It

put the Cowboys at a disadvantage. Hunt had the preference on dates so he proceeded to pick up the first four Sundays. This brought an anguished howl from the Cowboy management. They needed to play at home at the start of the season—they couldn't wait until the race was a third over before appearing before Dallas folks.

It was the understanding of everyone that Sunday would be the time for professional football in the Cotton Bowl since the colleges play there and thereabouts on Saturdays. But that wasn't in the contract Hunt signed with the Cotton Bowl. The Cowboys immediately asked for week night dates and got permission to play a couple of games then. This brought a howl from the Southwest Conference, which claimed pro football was trying to move in on its territory. But the State Fair of Texas, which owns the Cotton Bowl, wouldn't change its stand although it did decide that in the future there would be only Sunday pro games.

The State Fair of Texas may be the only organization to profit from pro football. It gets 15 percent of the gate as rental and there will be 15 pro games in the 75,504-seat saucer during the 1960 season. That should put about \$150,000 into the State Fair's treasury. In addition to 13 league games there will be two exhibitions.

Coach of the Cowboys will be Tom Landry, who played his college football at the University of Texas. He got his coaching experience with the New York Giants and won himself a reputation for being a smart cookie, especially in teaching defense.

Landry says his job is a difficult one. "It is the first time in years for a club to start from scratch," he points out. "It is hard to gauge our success because there is no basis for gauging. We were fortunate to pick up some good boys—the other clubs in the NFL did a good job for us (each club contributed three players to the Cowboys)—and I was surprised at the quality of the men they let us have. But there will be 12 different systems represented and it will take time to coordinate them into our system."

Charley Ane of the Lions, Duane Putnam of the Rams, Bob Frey of the Rams, John Gonzaga of the 49ers, Al Barry of the Giants and several others are quite capable linemen and Landry likes offensive end prospects like Jim Doran of Detroit, Ray Matthews of Pittsburgh, Fred Dugan of the 49ers, Frank Clarke of Cleveland and young Tony Franckhauser of Los Angeles.

Landry plans to use the same defense he directed with the New York Giants. He says his offense will be a combination that will best utilize his material.

"We don't intend to be disgraced," says Landry. "But we probably won't win many."

Coach of the Texans will be Hank Stram. He will be making his start in pro football but he confides that he has been coaching the pro game all this time he's served four colleges as backfield mentor. By that he means he has been using the pro-style offense, not that he considers the collegians to be pros.

Dick Jamieson is the only quarterback

with pro experience who Stram has at his command right now. Jamieson was with the Eagles and Colts last year but didn't play much. You can imagine how much a fellow would get to play if he was an understudy to Johnny Unitas. But anyway, he has some pro experience.

"A veteran quarterback might be a great asset to a young team like ours in the American League," says Stram, "but I don't believe you must have one to succeed. And, anyway, where are you going to find one?"

Stram thinks his team will compare favorably with the others in his league since each has ten to 15 veterans and the remainder rookies. He promises a high-scoring outfit and says that while he does not have a reputation for defense he always has stressed that on his teams and will do the same in Dallas.

His top prospects are Jack Spikes, Texas Christian fullback who said with tongue in cheek that he signed with the AFL because "I was promised I wouldn't have to play against Big Daddy Lipscomb"; Marvin Terrell, huge All-America guard from Mississippi; Johnny Robinson, Louisiana State halfback who signed with both leagues and may be spending part of his time in court; Abner Haynes, brilliant halfback of North Texas State, the first Negro to play on a senior college team in Texas, and Jim Swink, the All-America halfback of Texas Christian in 1955.

Wynne does most of the talking and is the quoted member of the firm of Wynne and Murchison. The latter is on the quiet side but he has enough money to talk sufficiently. Murchison went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He never played football in college but he was a classmate of Wynne's at Texas Country Day School (a private Dallas grade school) when they had Davey O'Brien, the All-America quarterback of Texas Christian in 1938 and later a star in pro football, teaching them the fundamentals of the game on weekends.

Wynne was on the Longview, Texas, High School squad that won the state championship in 1937. He described himself as "about a sixth stringer. But I was the first-string water boy."

Hunt never got to play much at Southern Methodist but he denies that frustration was the compelling reason for his getting into pro football. "I just wanted Dallas to have a professional team," he explains.

Wynne says if pro football is to be played in Dallas he wants to be a part of it. "I get lots of personal satisfaction out of being a part of something good," he explains. "Beyond this, though, it's good business. You check on the other NFL teams. They're all worth millions. The pros are good business-wise as well as pleasure-wise."

He talks like he expects to make money out of the game.

Of course, if he loses he can take it off his income tax.

"But you know that doesn't ease the pain of having lost the money," quips Hunt.

Meaning Hunt had rather make money than to lose it himself.

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The Ballad Of Huff The Tough

[Continued from page 22]

That's the big lesson kids coming into our league must learn—to play the angles. You just don't run up to pro backs and tackle them. They're too quick and too tough—even the little guys. Defense is teamwork. I make a lot of tackles because other guys get me an open shot at the runner."

This philosophy, expertly executed, has made 25-year-old Robert Lee Huff the best linebacker in the National Football League, which is saying a mouthful. A few years ago this statement would have brought outraged howls of protest from supporters of the Detroit Lions' Joe Schmidt. But now there is no longer much doubt. Schmidt has lost a little speed and Sam Huff is the new king of the tooth-rattlers. A moon-faced, crew-cut, broken-nosed cherub, the six foot, one inch, 230-pound Huff is the core of the New York Giant defense—statistically the finest in pro football. In New York, a truckhorse offense has made heroes out of the flinty defensive platoon, and Huff's name leads all the rest. Whenever he makes a bone-shivering tackle, delighted Yankee Stadium fans turn the arena into a railroad station with the chugging cry of "Huff! Huff! Huff!" To others, he is simply "Sam Tough."

"Sam deserves all the adulation he's been getting," says Giant Coach Jim Lee Howell. "He ranks with Mel Hein as the greatest lineman I've ever seen. It's uncanny the way he follows the ball." Granted, Howell may be prejudiced in favor of his star. But around the NFL, Huff is held in equally high regard. "He ignores all the things you do to take him away from the play," sighs Green Bay Packer Coach Vince Lombardi, "and comes after the ball, wherever it is thrown or wherever the run goes. Sure, sometimes he goes with the fake. But only when the ball is there, too."

Last year, Huff finally received concrete recognition. In the annual poll conducted by the Associated Press, Sam was voted Pro Lineman of the Year—beating out such formidable opponents as Baltimore's 288-pound defensive tackle Gene "Big Daddy" Lipscomb, and the Colts' equally awesome offensive tackle, 275-pound Jim Parker. To Huff, the honor represented a personal vindication, because when he came up to the Giants in 1956, as their third draft choice, there was no indication that he would become an All-Pro anything. At the University of West Virginia, where Sam had played three hard-nosed varsity seasons, he had acquired an All-America reputation as a tackle. Against Penn State in his junior year, Sam, who then weighed only 215 pounds, played opposite State's 250-pound behemoth, Roosevelt Grier—now his teammate. All year long the West Virginia coaches had primed Huff to hit Grier low, down around his ankles. Even then Huff was afraid of nothing. He hit Grier so low and so often that big Rosey spent a miserable afternoon on his rump and West Virginia ground out a 19-14 upset victory.

But with the Giants, Huff's college reputation did him no good. He had beefed himself up to 230 pounds, but among the pros, tackles of that size are minnows to be tossed back into the pond. They simply do not have the strength to handle such defensive animals as "Big Daddy" Lipscomb or Leo Nomellini of San Francisco, who have the physiques of wrestlers and the dispositions of wounded rhinos. "I was just too small," Huff recalls. "I simply couldn't move the big guys, and they nearly drove me into the ground like a nail. They tried me at offensive guard for a while, too, but somebody said I was a step too slow."

Then, in New York's third game of the 1955 campaign, the team's starting middle linebacker, Ray Beck, was injured. "The coaching staff was looking around for a position where I wouldn't hurt the team or get myself killed," smiles Huff, "so they put me at middle linebacker." In reality, the middle linebacker—or middle guard, as he's sometimes called—is the mobile, one-man task force of the 4-3 defense used by all professional teams. "The difference between a linebacker and a defensive tackle," Sam explains, "is speed. The linebacker has to be fast enough to cover a back going downfield for a pass. Not the deep receiver, but the 'swing back,' the one who cuts over the middle for the short flip. A linebacker also has to have quick reactions, so that if he's fooled he can recover and pursue the play. He has to be strong enough to fight off blockers who are as big as he is—and bigger—and then have the muscle to bring down a guy like Jimmy Brown."

But perhaps the greatest asset of a successful linebacker is an aggressive love of body contact, a pervasive longing to wrap himself around the neck of an enemy halfback like a sweaty stole. Sam Huff revels in the bruising side of football.

"Sure, I play as hard and vicious as I can," insists Huff. "You've got more chance to get hurt when you're loafing. If you're going all out and you hit a guy, you hurt him instead of him hurting you. One day Bob St. Clair of the 49ers belted me from my blind side when I was watching a big pileup and nearly broke me in two. It was my own damn fault for standing there like I paid admission to watch the game. Right then and there I promised myself that next time I would pile on. That way I wouldn't make such a big target."

Since then Sam has kept his word. Like a truculent rubber ball, he ricochets off blocking guards and plows through to make the tackle again and again. Gradually, he has perfected his own unique style, going "over the top" in a flailing flurry of churning knees and elbows. The sight of Sam—who still wears a tackle's number, 70, on his uniform—"blitzing" through to swamp a rival quarterback play is one of football's more fearsome sights. What Sam hits stays hit. Blitzing, often referred to as red-dogging or shooting the gap, is Huff's pet tactic.

"When Andy Robustelli, our defensive captain, calls Blitz Meg—M for middle linebacker—I know that's my defensive play. The blitz is a gamble that the other

team is going to throw a long pass. Our linebackers come up tight behind the defensive line and dart through the spaces between the linemen, trying to get to the quarterback before he can get the ball away. It's a good maneuver to use against clubs that send their halfbacks out for passes, because that means less protection for the quarterback."

When Sam first became the Giants middle linebacker, he found that there was plenty to learn. "In college," he remembers, "they teach you to tackle low. Fine. But if you try to hit Lenny Moore or Jon Arnett low, you wind up on your face with your arms wrapped around yourself. They give you that jiggling hip, lift their legs and they're gone. The right way to do it is to catch 'em high and use your weight and strength to ride 'em down. That's when some fans start to boo and accuse you of playing dirty—when you grab those little backs shoulder-high and swarm all over 'em. But what the heck. It's the only way to stop 'em, and this isn't a social game."

"Now with Jimmy Brown, you have to adjust. Tackle Jimmy high and he either shrugs you off like a bug or drags you along for five more yards. You have to get down and slice Jim's legs out from under him. If you have to hit him high, hold on and wait for help. And when you do hit 'em solid, finish them off. Churn and drive and plow 'em under. Right down to the ground, I mean. Almost tackles are nothing. Make sure."

It was Sam's desire to "make sure" that got him into a brief scuffle with Baltimore Coach Weeb Ewbank during the memorable 1958 championship game that eventually surged into overtime. Ewbank thought Huff was giving his downed ball carriers the knee treatment and ran onto the field to toss a punch at Sam. "I remember," Huff says with a tight little grin. "But Mr. Mara doesn't pay me to fight with Ewbank. I popped him back and I'm sorry I did. I almost played into his hands by getting myself thrown out of the game. I'd rather hang around and rub it into Ewbank. Someday I will."

Actually, Huff makes a careful distinction between rough football and the dirty variety. "They call me mean," he protests, "but what does that mean? Some guys like to run with the ball and knock people down. Me, I like to hit the other guy good, where he lives. Maybe that makes me mean, but I never tried to flatten a runner with a full-arm shot, or step on his hand with my cleats. That happens around the league all the time. But let me tell you, the defensive linemen who try to wind up picking their teeth out of their tongues. On the Giants, we have a play called 'Bootsie.' I guess other teams have it, too. We don't use it very often. But when somebody on the other side plays it dirty, we call 'Bootsie.' Ten guys go after that one man and bury him. Then we all look real innocent while they carry him off."

As a matter of fact, Sam showed a remarkable streak of compassion for an opponent in last year's battle with the Cleveland Browns. Early in the game, Huff and tackle Dick Modzelewski caught Jimmy Brown over by the sidelines and racked him up high-and-low. Accidentally,

Brown was hit in the head and stunned so badly that for several minutes he did not know where he was. Finally, Cleveland Coach Paul Brown pulled him out of the game, only to reinsert him in the second half, although the Giants had turned the game into a rout. "It was a crime sending Jimmy back in there," Sam says. "The poor guy was in a daze and could have gotten pretty seriously hurt. So help me, I felt like taking it easy on him. I didn't, but I felt like it."

Taking it easy on Jim Brown is an unfamiliar feeling to Huff, whose personal rivalry with the magnificent 228-pound Cleveland blockbuster is unmatched in all of pro football—with the honors fairly evenly divided. In the 1958 playoff for the Eastern Conference title, Huff held Brown to a meager 18 yards rushing—and this ham-handed crackdown was largely responsible for the Giant victory. A week earlier, however, Sam was left red-faced as Brown roared 65 yards to a touchdown on the first scrimmage play of the game. "It was a perfect call," says Huff. "Their linemen angle-blocked us good. I saw Jimmy heading for the tackle hole and I came in quick, only to have Chuck Noll, the Cleveland guard, blind-side me." Ordinarily, Huff "keys" to Brown when the Giants play Cleveland—he watches the big fullback and adjusts his defensive movements to what Jimmy does.

Most of Huff's finest work is done in virtual privacy: beneath a tunnel of blockers or under a surging, straining wedge driven into the guts of the Giant defense. But occasionally, as must happen with all great players, one particular play remains fixed in the mind of every fan who saw it happen. Huff's unforgettable play occurred in 1957, when the Giants played the San Francisco 49ers. Hugh McElhenny, the fancy-Dan 49er halfback, took a screen pass from Y. A. Tittle and turned upfield behind two brawny blockers, Lou Palatella and Bruce Bosley (who used to play with Huff at West Virginia). As the ball was spiralling toward McElhenny, Huff ferreted out the play and bolted for the receiver and his blocking cordon. Sam laid one hand on Palatella, the other on Bosley and banged them together like a pair of cymbals. Then he heaved all 500 pounds of them into poor McElhenny, who dropped as if he had been decapitated. One writer later said it looked as if it were a movie and somebody had reversed the film; as though Huff were carrying the ball and Palatella and Bosley were his blockers trying to blot McElhenny out of the play. "Sam came to visit me before the game," Bruce Bosley recalls. "He's nice that way. He said to me, 'We're going to beat you guys till you can't stand.' I got a little concussion when Huff took me and Palatella out, but we're still good friends. If I get the chance I'll stretch him out the same way."

In every game, Huff's prime target, however, is the enemy quarterback. "I rap him every chance I get," admits Sam. "He's the brains of their club. Knock him out clean and hard on the first play of the game and you have an easy afternoon. I try to hurt everybody, legal-like, but I try not to get too mad. Like that bit with Ewbank. It takes your mind off

the game. The next play, you're seeing so red that they run right over you. Then you're black and blue. There are guys in this league who have hurt me. But I'm not going to mention who. They'll wake up one day when I rock them so hard they'll wish it was yesterday."

While Huff plays mercilessly on the field, he worries that his ferocity may affect his private life. Married to his childhood girlfriend, Mary Fletcher, Sam and his wife live in Rock Lake, Virginia, with their two children, Robert Lee, Jr., 8, and Catherine Ann, 3. During the winter, Huff works as a regional salesman and good-will ambassador for the Marlboro cigarette company to supplement the \$11,000 the Giants pay him. "Sometimes I have to watch my temper. You get wise guys who come up to you and say, 'So you're Sam Huff, who's supposed to be so tough.' On the football field, somebody says that to me and he's cruising for a bruise. But I don't want to slug somebody who may be a prospective business contact. I find it easier to be tough every year I play pro ball—and harder to relax and be a nice guy when the season is over. I figure three-four more years and I'll be ready to quit. I don't want to wind up being one of those guys who can talk about nothing else but football."

In the back of Huff's mind are the bitter memories of his boyhood, when only football separated him from the other kids in Edna Gas, a grim little West Virginia town where his father toiled mining coal far below ground. Only his talent for tackling other anthracitic young men kept Huff from being handed a big No. 3 shovel and being told to go below and dig his life away. Sam is grateful. Recently, he used the money he has saved to purchase a 25-acre farm for his father in nearby Farmington, West Virginia. Dad Huff raises Shetland ponies on the farm. "Sam wants it that way," the senior Huff says. "When he was a boy, we couldn't afford a pony for him and his five brothers and sisters. Now he wants every kid in the region to have a chance to ride a pony."

For all his success as a professional football player, Huff feels there is room for improvement. "I think I'd quit if there wasn't," he says. A Giant official puts it another way: "There's no telling how good Sam can become. He's still far from his potential." Huff himself has a more pointed ambition. He'd like to whip the Baltimore Colts for the NFL title.

"We'll defense Baltimore a little different than we did the last two years, when they took us two out of three. Last fall we double-teamed Ray Berry because he killed us in '58. This time I think we can let Dick Lynch handle Berry by himself; this'll be his third year in the league and he'll be able to do the job alone. With Lynch on Berry and two guys on Lenny Moore, maybe they can be beaten."

In the meantime, Sam Huff will take his tackles as they come. More and more he is looked to as the big man of the Giants, the star who leads the team by his example. "You want to know what the Giants think of Sam?" asks Huff's close friend, Dick Voyce. "Well, of 36 Giants, 30 smoke Marlboro."

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The Flowering of Paul Hornung

[Continued from page 52]

to get rid of the linebacker himself. The job was pure pleasure for him. With the touchdowns went the scoring title (94 points) and Paul again had the public acclaim to which he was long accustomed.

The hurrahs for Hornung started at Louisville's Flaget High School where he quarterbacked the strong football team and helped the basketball team to the state championship. It is nearly impossible for a good basketball player to slip out of Kentucky unless the University at Lexington and a half-dozen lesser schools around the state decide they don't want him. It is getting increasingly hard to spirit a football player across Kentucky borders. But Notre Dame and its football emissary, Frank Leahy, got two in one when they lured Hornung north.

Leahy did not remain at Notre Dame to watch his plum develop. As a sophomore Hornung spelled quarterback Ralph Guglielmi late in the season. As a junior in 1955 he was the No. 1 Irish quarterback, which in terms of grandeur and publicity is the highest elective office in college football. Except for the fact he was no great shakes as a passer Paul fit the role superbly.

While Notre Dame enjoyed prosperity (losers only to Michigan State and Southern California in the final game) Hornung got all the mileage and enjoyment possible from the job. He dated the girls, carried the ball, kicked off, made last-ditch tackles, scored the touchdowns, posed for the color pictures.

Hornung had great confidence in his own ability to move the ball. Against Navy he had a fourth and six on the Midshipmen's 37. He called the play he was sure would work—a quarterback keeper—and got the first down. "Hey, that was kind of nifty, wasn't it?" he exclaimed to newsmen after the game. Teammates might have resented his keepers and touchdowns if they hadn't respected Hornung's all-around ability and enjoyed his company, too. When his nose was bloodied and broken in the Purdue game a bench-sitter joked: "Hey, Hornung, there go your chances for Hollywood."

One of the fringe benefits of quarterbacking at Notre Dame is the number of young ladies, age 16 on up, who take a personal interest in your career. Hornung had exceptional appeal for the swarms of ND quarterback followers. He was curly-haired, blond and handsome. He was outspokenly unattached. He was no more bashful talking to girls than he was about carrying a football. Whenever Notre Dame went on a trip there were dozens of new recruits to the "I'm-In-Love-With-Paul-Hornung Club." Membership grew so rapidly that Paul had trouble remembering which girl came after which game.

The U.S.C. game, traditional season's finale for Notre Dame, was always a great source of Hornung romance rumors. It

was hard for him to leave Los Angeles without getting "linked" in the gossip mills to a starlet or two. One season it was Maureen Cassidy. Another time it was Pat Mowry. A former Miss New Hampshire, Miss Mowry got more than the usual newspaper space out of her attachment to Hornung. An imaginative press agent dropped the rumor that Hornung had sent Miss Mowry an engagement ring inside a football. He did not say whether the football was inflated or whether Paul had given her a limp one. Hornung was both amused and impressed with his "stunt." Miss Mowry said she was heartsick. "This whole thing makes me feel ill," she said. "I would just like to take some pills and go to bed. I've been out with Elvis Presley and all but it hurts because I really am in love with Paul. I mean, I haven't dated any other fellow."

Paul has been letting the air out of romances, real and imagined, ever since. He remains emphatically interested in many girls and engaged to none.

Hornung's senior year at Notre Dame was not all he would have dreamed it to be. The Irish of 1956 beat Indiana and North Carolina and lost to eight other teams. They beat North Carolina only because Hornung scored his third touchdown with 70 seconds to play. Three teams—Michigan State, Oklahoma and Iowa—rolled up more than 40 points against Notre Dame. Hornung ran and ran and ran. He punted and kicked off and place-kicked extra points. He was second on the team in the number of tackles. Most of his passes turned into runs because he was so pressed he could not get rid of the ball. When he did unload a pass it often fell too long or too short. But even when Notre Dame was getting flailed it was clear to the most casual spectator that he was the best player on the field.

Because he was losing with Notre Dame and not just any also ran, Hornung got a pile of publicity of the gee-whiz variety. His coach, Terry Brennan, took some heavy raps. The sharpest came from ex-coach Leahy who questioned the spirit of the team after a 48-8 loss to Iowa. Leahy's remark brought into the open the bitterness between him and ex-pupil Terry Brennan. Hornung had unwillingly helped the feud along early in the season. He had been asked to appear on Leahy's TV show. Brennan had refused him permission.

In the dressing room before the U.S.C. game, in which the Irish were a solid underdog, Brennan told his players that Leahy's criticism was aimed at him alone. The Irish, led by Hornung, blew into the Coliseum intent on devouring everyone in sight. They didn't quite succeed (U.S.C. won 28-20) but they put up a lively show. Hornung, apparently goaded by Brennan's talk and possibly the Los Angeles scenery, was nigh unstoppable. He set the best single-game yardage mark of the year for a major college player—354 yards.

Hornung's great last-game effort was enough to put him at the head of everyone's banquet list that winter. More surprising was his nomination for the Heis-

man Trophy, which usually goes to a well-publicized player on a winning team.

In the pro draft for 1957 Hornung was the first choice of the team that got the first pick. After Green Bay named him as their heart's desire, Hornung signed a contract calling for an estimated \$14,000-\$16,000 a year. He also got a bonus for signing. Paul took the money and blew it on one extravagant gift for a woman. He bought his mother a mink coat for Christmas.

It is an old habit of National Football League teams to draft the Notre Dame quarterback of the hour and expect too much of him. Frequently the Irish hero has had little to bring to the pros except temporary box-office appeal. In the last 15 years every first-string Notre Dame quarterback has come into the league with a ruffle of drums and most of them have faded quietly from the field. Johnny Lujack of the Bears was a notable exception. George Ratterman also was a pro star although he was not especially well known as a Notre Dame man. But before Hornung Notre Dame quarterbacks named Boley Dancewicz, Joe Gasparella, Frank Tripucka, Bob Williams and Ralph Guglielmi have had mediocre to little success as pros.

Hornung was ideally rigged as another quarterback bust. He could not pass with enough accuracy. He was swimming in rave notices. He had all kinds of documents telling him he was the best college football player in the land. At their 1957 training camp the older Packers could hardly wait for the golden boy to report for duty. Art Daley, the Green Bay sports columnist who covered the camp, recalls: "Hornung turned out to be such a likeable lug and such a good football player everyone soon forgot who he was."

Hornung won the respect of the players but he didn't make the team right away. Coach Liz Blackburn, now at Marquette, was not convinced he was ready for the job—any job. "I didn't know from one day to the next where I'd play," Paul said. "I know there was criticism around town because I'd come from a big school with lots of publicity. I was fullback, halfback and quarterback. I got discouraged." (Hornung didn't play until the third game in Milwaukee when the crowd raised the roof yelling for him.)

"When I played quarterback it was pretty ridiculous," Hornung says. "Blackburn would let me run only so many plays—quarterback sneak, option, rollout right and left. When I went in they all knew what was coming. Once Bill George of the Bears saw me come in and yelled, 'Well, fellows, I guess we'll have a rollout right, a rollout left and a quarterback sneak.' He was right, too."

The difference between Hornung then and now is that he knows what he is doing and the opponents do not. "Lombardi made it plain and simple for me," Paul says. "You'll be the left halfback," he told me. "You'll either make it there or you won't."

Halfback Hornung made it so well last year that he may yet be the best Notre Dame quarterback the pros ever had.

What It Means to be a Pro Rookie

[Continued from page 61]

"Do you watch pro football much on TV?"

"Yes, a lot."

"How? Do you study the line play?"

"Naw. I just watch the game and try to enjoy it. But now, if it's a team we're going to play, I'll watch the fellow who'll be opposite me."

"Who signed you?"

"Mr. George Allen. He's the defensive backfield coach for the Bears."

Davis declined to discuss money, but informed sources estimate he got a salary of \$9,000, plus a bonus for signing.

"Did you get many offers?" I asked him.

"I had one from each of the U.S. and Canadian leagues."

"Why didn't you join the new league?"

"I felt it wasn't stable enough. I figured I'd be better off to start at the top and make it there. The National Football League is the best league going."

"Where'd Mr. Allen sign you?"

"At the Cotton Bowl. We signed right after the game. My parents were there. He went to dinner with them, then we signed in a motel. It took only five or ten minutes."

"Did he hand you a check right then?"

"No, that came later—in the mail."

"How did you learn the Bears had drafted you?"

"They called me right after it was done, right at school, before it was in the papers."

"What'd you say?"

"Not much. I said I thought it was good and that I looked forward to playing with them."

"Did you go out and celebrate?"

"No, I didn't. I just went to class."

"Did the Bears give you any training instructions?"

"None. I stay in shape by playing basketball. And I guess that's one reason I can move pretty well for my size. Basketball makes you cut and stop and start. I'm sure it has developed my reactions an awful lot."

That's Roger Davis, a nice guy talking. But very modest. For a more objective report, there is Roger's coach, ex-paratrooper Floyd "Ben" Schwartzwalder. Schwartzwalder has compiled a fine record at Syracuse. He has seen great players in both college and pro ranks. So how good is Roger Davis?

Schwartzwalder says simply, "He's the best that we've had."

Then what makes him so good?

Says the tough Syracuse coach, "Roger's speed and size give him the natural requisites needed. From there, he's an intelligent football player who knows what to do. He's got a good burst of speed. On defense, he's a good sharp reactor. He'll gamble. He has a good change of pace on defense, both as a tackle and linebacker. The other clubs couldn't figure out where he was."

"Has he got any drawbacks?"

"None."

"How's he in training?"

"He works hard even when there's no crowd in the stands. Now don't get me wrong. Roger doesn't like to take any extra laps around the field. But he'll practice. Hard. And when the chips are down, he's there."

"You've been around a lot. What problems does Roger face as a rookie pro?"

"Roger's going to make the adjustment pretty well. Usually a rookie lacks size or speed. Not so with Roger. He's got both. And he's a relaxed boy, not like the typical rookie. Don't forget, he has the advantage over the average lineman—Roger can play either offense or defense. You see, some are too small for defense, others are too slow for offense. He can do both."

"How about guts?"

"No question about that. He's a hitter. He doesn't try to brutalize anybody. He's got the skill and ability so he doesn't have to make a fetish out of roughing someone up. He's not cruel—but he'll hit."

"Roger always made the big play for us. He'd break through to toss the other club for a five-yard loss. And he was good on blocking kicks. If we needed a yard, we'd always run his way. Against Maryland, he had a real good day. He ate them up. They lost 29 yards from scrimmage." (Syracuse won 29-0.)

The feeling is very mutual when you ask Davis about his coach. "What'd I learn under him?" repeated Roger, "why . . . about all I know. Oh, I learned some things in high school, but under Mr. Schwartzwalder (Roger always calls him "Mr. Schwartzwalder") "it was like starting all over again. He really knows his football. He spends 24 hours a day on football. That's what makes him so terrific. He knows the game backwards and forwards. He's a tough coach, but he gets along with the players."

Roger was asked about the hazing rookies get in pro ball. He said he hadn't heard about it. "But you got to expect a little hazing, I guess," he said doubtfully.

If it does come, it'll be nothing new to Davis. His Syracuse teammates called him "Hound Dog." The tag came after they found out his father trains field trial dogs.

There are two other Davis boys, Russell, 20, and Reg, 17. There also is a kid sister, Peggy, 14. Russell and Roger played high school football together. Roger proudly points out that Russell was all-county in both football and baseball. Russ didn't go on to college.

The Davis family didn't always live in Solon. They moved there 11 years ago from Cleveland, where Roger was born. (Solon, though it sounds that way, isn't an agricultural district. Though a separate town, it is almost close enough to Cleveland to be a suburb.)

Girl friends, Roger has—but he doesn't plan to get married. Nor does he go steady. After his pro days—he figures to play five or six years, par for a football lineman—he hopes to get into coaching.

He studied in the School of Physical Education at Syracuse. And along with his coaching course (his favorites), he took a lot of science courses. He found those toughest.

Off the football field, Davis likes to

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read westerns and go to the movies. He's a heavy eater, all right. Steak, medium rare, is his first choice. Second? He hesitates then says, "Chicken, I guess."

In baseball, Roger plays first base. When he was a high school junior, he batted .358. In the Ohio State playoffs his team went to the finals before losing.

As for his basketball playing, Roger likes to score a lot, even though he's a guard. His favorite: a one-hand push shot. Coach Schwartzwalder insists Davis would have been a regular on the Syracuse basketball team if he hadn't played football.

Roger, even though he gained nationwide fame for his cluster of five tackles against Penn State, thinks the best game he ever played was against Maryland. His blocked punt led to the first score, a field goal, and he made tackles all over the field all day. He was unanimously named the game's top lineman.

Davis was the ring leader of Syracuse's "Sizable Seven." He was the UPI's lineman of the year. He was named to practically every all-opponent team selected by the university's rivals. Navy, for instance, selected Davis unanimously. Coaches Tom Nugent of Maryland, Wayne Hardin of Navy and Jack Mitchell of Kansas all called Davis the top lineman they saw all season.

Both Kansas and Navy showed Davis more than just a little respect. "Kansas picked the easy way out," recalls Coach Schwartzwalder. "They just didn't run at Rog. Navy double-teamed him, but still picked up only 59 yards rushing."

Roger impressed scouts and coaches during the entire 1959 season. For instance, Pappy Waldorf, the San Francisco 49ers personnel director, watched him against Boston University and then pointed out Rog could probably make it in the pro league in any one of three positions: linebacker, defensive end or offensive interior lineman.

Regardless of where Roger Davis plays, Solon, Ohio will smile.

In fact, the town started grinning widely last year by having a day for its Roger Davis, Syracuse All-America. Coach Schwartzwalder was there and everything.

During the day someone noticed the number on the Davis home: 34850. Signals for a Syracuse line-buck, maybe? Or a prank? A five-number address in a 5,000-population town isn't exactly standard.

No, explained the townfolks, nothing wrong with that number.

It seems that the street the Davis family lives on is the main drag—a long, long road extending for miles. Until a few years ago, the houses didn't even have numbers. Then it was decided numbers were necessary, so they started at the first house and went along putting on numbers—which explains how the Davis family came to live at No. 34850.

Come to think of it, there may be a symbolism there.

Experts think Roger Davis will go a long way down the pro football road, too, once he loses the butterflies. It's the beginning that's always the toughest.

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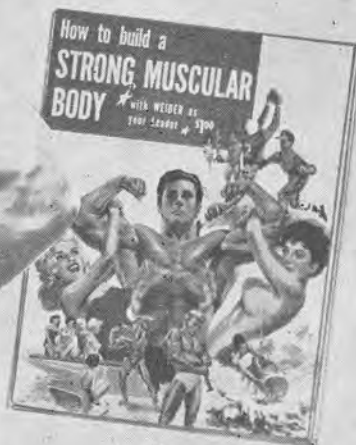
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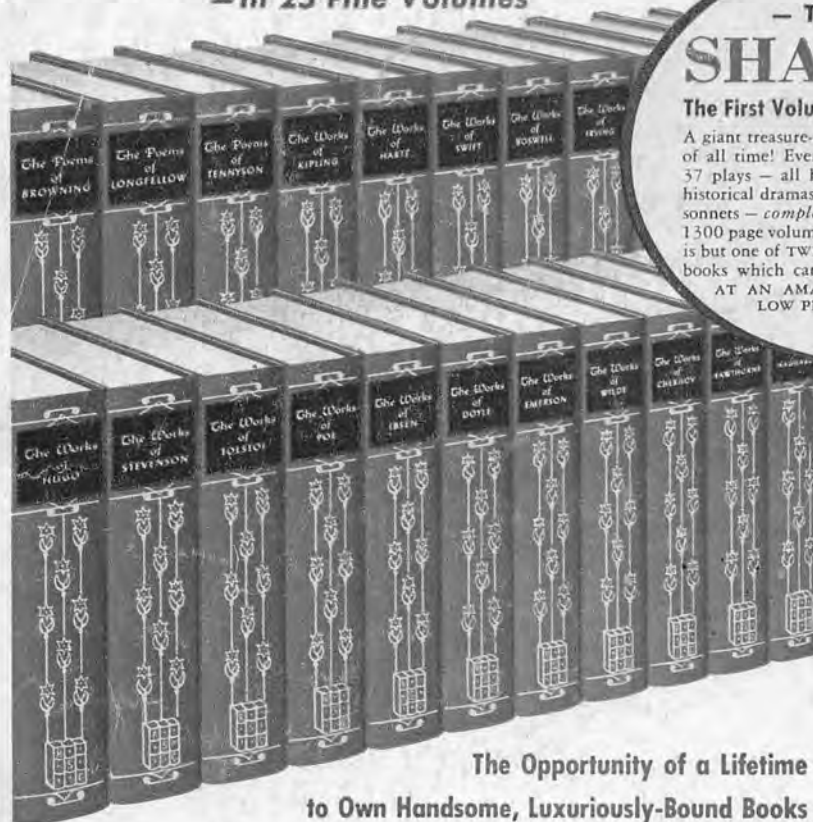
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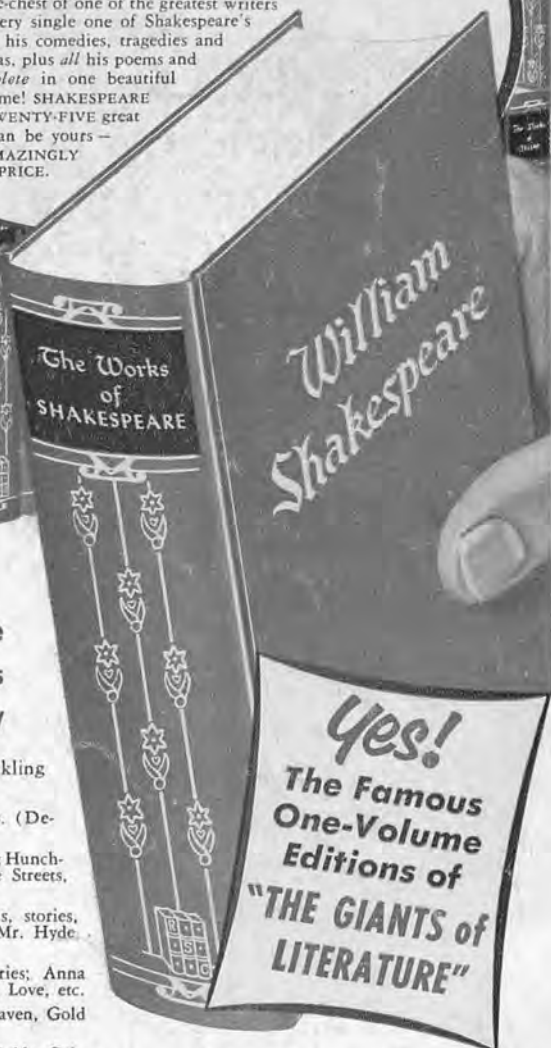


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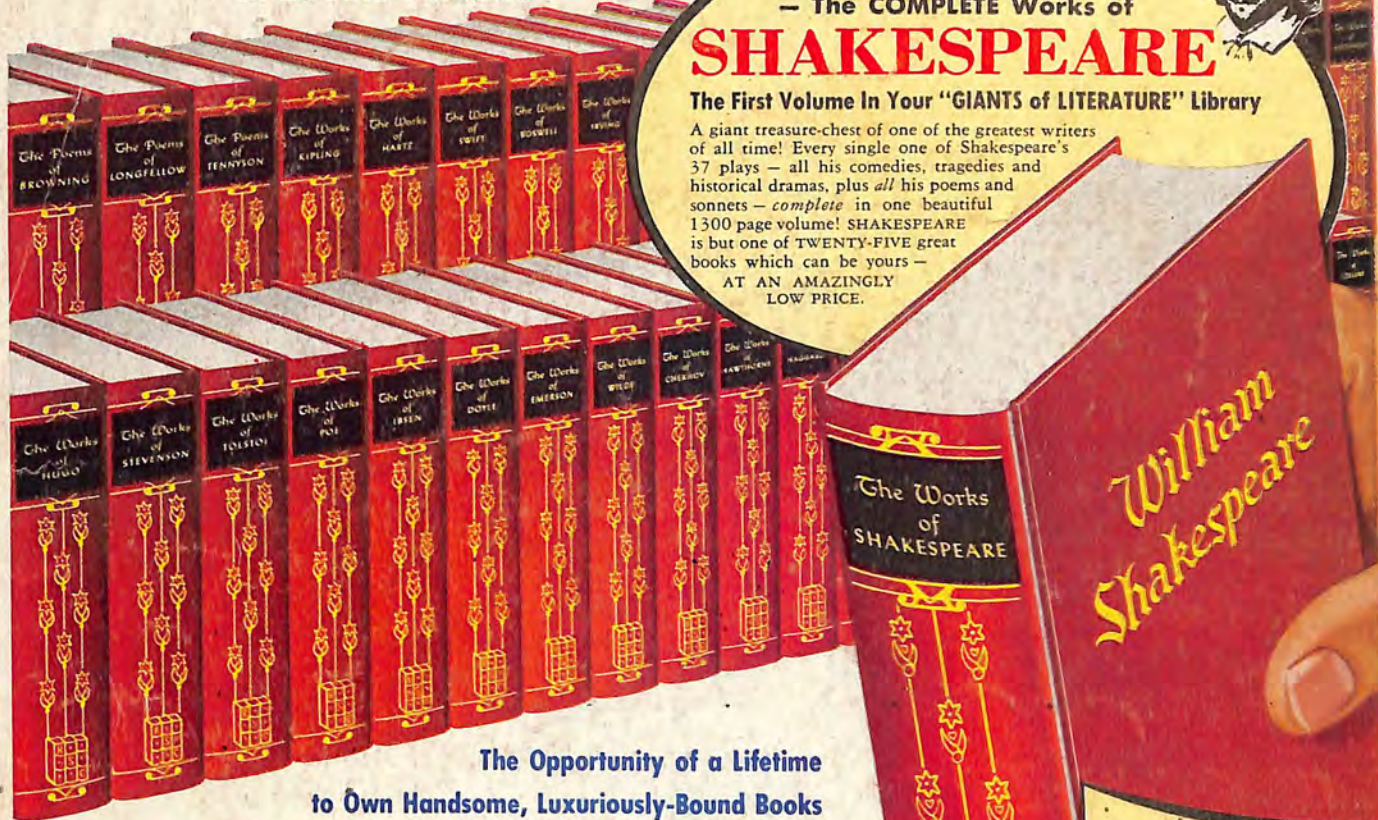
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